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BRIGHT STORY READERS.

No. 142.
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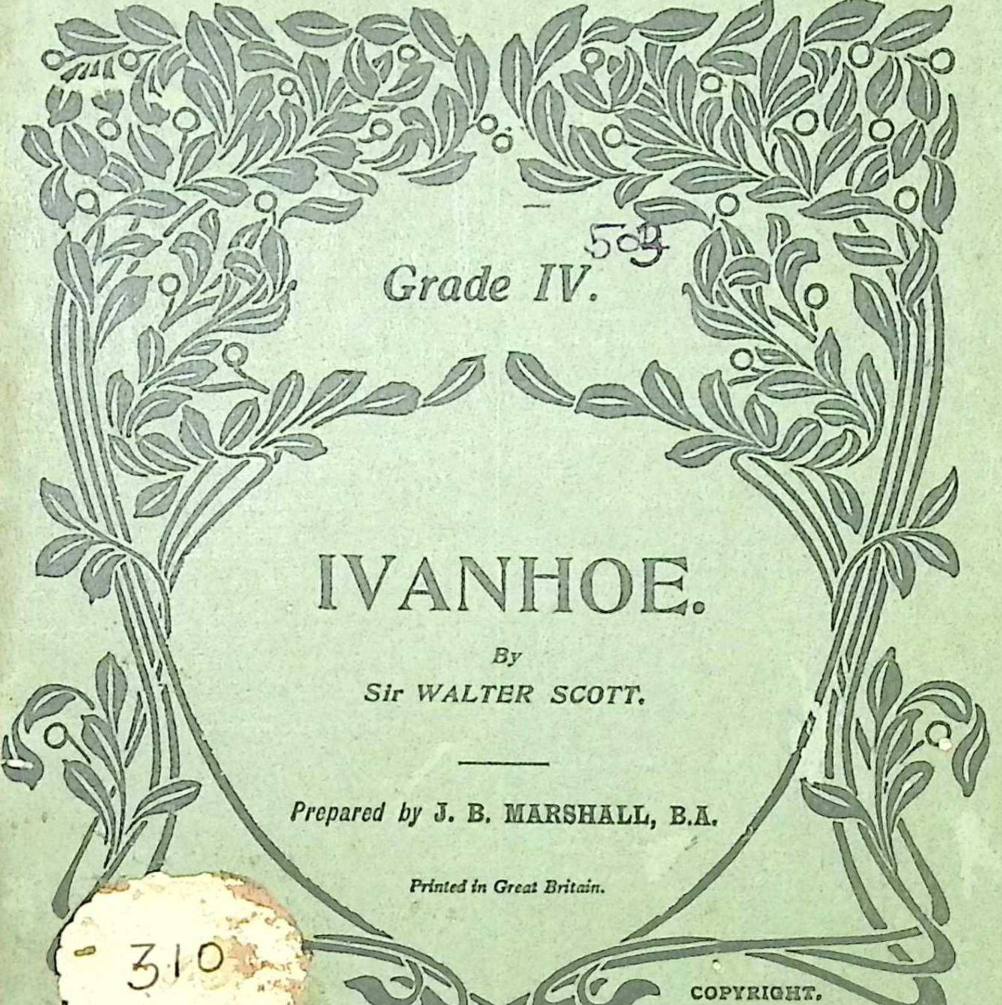

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Grade IV.

IVANHOE.

By
Sir WALTER SCOTT.

Prepared by J. B. MARSHALL, B.A.

Printed in Great Britain.

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The "A.L."
Bright Story Reader, No. 142.

ராமகிருஷ்ண வாசகசாலை
அரு. அ. வீதி.
காரைக்குடி.

P.L. Lakshmanan.

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ராமகிருஷ்ண
விவேகானந்தர் சங்கம்
காரைக்குடி

நன்கொடையாளர் R.P.L. s.pl. palaniappa
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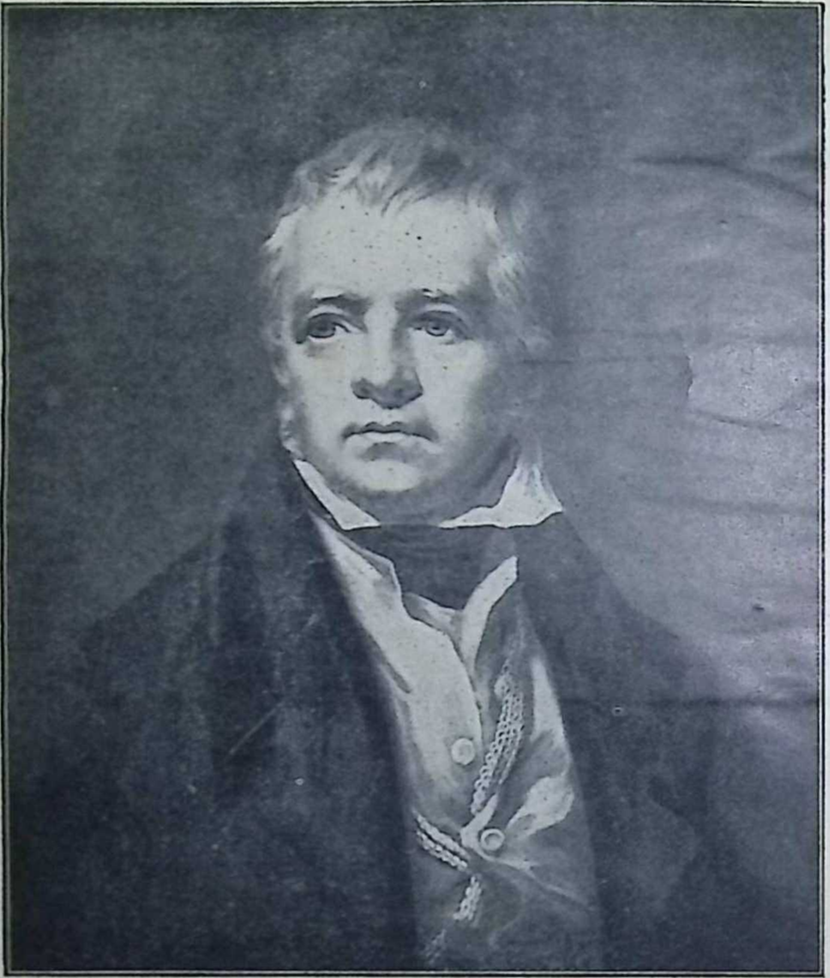

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

*After the portrait by Sir Henry Raeburn (1756—1823),
the "Scottish Reynolds."*

IVANHOE:

A ROMANCE

By Sir WALTER SCOTT.

Prepared for Pupils' Use
by JAMES BROADBENT
MARSHALL, B.A.

E. J. ARNOLD & SON, Limited,
Educational Publishers,
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NOTE.

For the meaning of words which are not found in the Notes at the end of the book, the pupil should refer to the **"A.L." Scholar's English Dictionary,** 100 pp., which contains nearly 14,000 words.

The **Modern Dictionary,** 800 pp., containing 49,180 words, 2,057 phrases, 832 foreign words and phrases, 791 abbreviations, including a 24-page supplement of new and additional words and phrases, and an 8-page appendix of classical and mythological names, will be found a valuable school-aid both in reading this book, and for general reading.

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விவேகானந்த புத்தகசாலை
ஹிந்து மதாபிமான சங்கம்
காரைக்குடி.

IVANHOE.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE FOREST.

IN that pleasant district of merry England which is watered by the river Don,[1] there extended in ancient times a large forest, covering the greater part of the beautiful hills and valleys which lie between Sheffield and the pleasant town of Doncaster.

Such being our chief scene, the date of our story refers to a period towards the end of the reign of Richard I., when his return from his long captivity[2] had become an event rather wished than hoped for by his despairing subjects.

The sun was setting upon one of the rich grassy glades of the forest. Hundreds of broad-headed, short-stemmed, wide-branched oaks, which had witnessed perhaps the stately march of the Roman soldiery, flung their gnarled arms over a thick carpet of the most delicious greensward; in some places they were intermingled with beeches, hollies, and copsewood[3] of various descriptions, so closely as totally to intercept the level beams of the sinking sun; in others, they receded from each other, forming those long sweeping vistas,[4] in the intricacy of which the eye delights to lose itself.

The human figures which completed this landscape were in number two, partaking, in their dress and appearance, of that wild and rustic character which belonged to the woodlands of the West Riding of Yorkshire at that early period.

The eldest of these men had a stern, savage, wild aspect. His garment was of the simplest imaginable, being a close jacket with sleeves, composed of the tanned skin of some animal, on which the hair had been originally left, but which had been worn off in so many places, that it would have been difficult to distinguish, from the patches that remained, to what creature the fur had belonged. This primeval[1] vestment reached from the throat to the knees, and served at once all the usual purposes of body-clothing; there was no wider opening at the collar than was necessary to admit the passage of the head. Sandals, bound with thongs made of boar's hide, protected the feet, and a roll of thin leather was twined around the legs, and, ascending above the calf, left the knees bare like those of a Scottish Highlander. To make the jacket sit yet more close to the body, it was gathered at the middle by a broad leathern belt, secured by a brass buckle. A brass ring, resembling a dog's collar, but without any opening, was soldered fast round his neck. On this was engraven in Saxon characters an inscription of the following purport:—"Gurth,[*] the son of Beowulph,[†] is the born thrall[2] of Cedric[‡] of Rotherwood."[§]

Beside the swineherd, for such was Gurth's occupation, was seated a person about ten years younger in appearance, and whose dress, though resembling his companion's in form, was of better materials. His jacket had been stained of a bright purple hue. To the jacket he added a short cloak, which scarcely reached half way down his thigh ; it was of crimson cloth lined with bright yellow. He had thin silver bracelets upon his arm, and on his neck a collar of the same metal, bearing the inscription, "Wamba,* the son of Witless, is the thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood."

---

[*] Pronounce *gerth*—*e* as in "her"; *th* as in "thin."
[†] " *bā'-ō-wulf*—*ā* as in "mate"; *ō* as in "note"; *u* as in "pull."
[‡] " *ked'-rik* or *sed'-rik*.
[§] " *roth'-er-wud*—*th* as in "then"; *e* as in "her"; *u* as in "pull."

He was provided with a cap, having around it more than one bell, about the size of those attached to hawks, which jingled as he turned his head to one side or other. Around the edge of this cap was a stiff band of leather, cut at the top into open work, resembling a coronet, while a prolonged bag arose from within it, and fell down on one shoulder. It was to this part of the cap that the bells were attached ; which circumstance, as well as the shape of his head-dress, and his own half-crazed, half-cunning expression of countenance, sufficiently pointed him out as belonging to the race of domestic clowns or jesters, maintained in the houses of the wealthy to help away the tedium of those lingering hours which they were obliged to spend within doors.

"Soft, whom have we here ?" said Wamba, listening to the trampling of several horses which became then audible.

"Never mind whom," answered Gurth, who had now got his herd before him, and was driving them down one of the long dim vistas.

---

* Pronounce *wom'-ba—a* as in "sofa."

“Nay, but I must see the riders,” answered Wamba; “perhaps they are come from Fairyland with a message from King Oberon.”[*][1]

“A murrain[2] take thee,” rejoined the swineherd; “wilt thou talk of such things while a terrible storm of thunder and lightning is raging within a few miles of us? Hark, how the thunder rumbles! and for summer rain, I never saw such broad downright flat drops fall out of the clouds; the oaks, too, notwithstanding the calm weather, sob and creak with their great boughs as if announcing a tempest. Thou canst play the rational[3] if thou wilt; credit me for once, and let us home ere the storm begins to rage, for the night will be fearful.”

Wamba seemed to feel the force of this appeal, and accompanied his companion, who began his journey after catching up a long quarter-staff[4] which lay upon the grass beside him.

The horsemen soon overtook them on the road. Their numbers amounted to ten men, of whom the two who rode foremost seemed to be persons of considerable importance, and the others their attendants. It was not difficult to ascertain the condition and character of one of these personages. He was obviously an ecclesiastic[5] of high rank.

The companion of the Church dignitary was a man past forty, thin, strong, tall, and muscular; an athletic figure, which long fatigue and constant exercise seemed to have left none of the softer part of the human form, having reduced the whole to brawn,[6] bones, and sinews, which had sustained a thousand toils, and were ready to dare a thousand more.

---

[*] Pronounce *ō'-ber-on* – *ō* as in “note”; *e* as in “maker.”

The upper dress of this personage resembled that of his companion in shape, being a long monastic mantle; but the colour, being scarlet, showed that he did not belong to any of the four regular orders of monks. On the right shoulder of the mantle there was cut, in white cloth, a cross of a peculiar form, which was the distinctive mark of a Templar.[1]

The appearance of this cavalcade[2] not only attracted the curiosity of Wamba, but excited even that of his less volatile[3] companion. The monk he instantly knew to be the Prior of Jorvaulx* Abbey.[4]

"Tell me, good fellow," said the Prior to Wamba, and seconded his speech by a small piece of silver coin, "the way to Cedric the Saxon's."

"Your reverences," answered Wamba, "must hold on this path till you come to a sunken cross, of which scarce a cubit's length[5] remains above ground; then take the path to the left, for there are four which meet at Sunken Cross, and I trust your reverences will obtain shelter before the storm comes on."

The prior thanked his sage adviser; and the cavalcade, setting spurs to their horses, rode on as men do who wish to reach their inn before the bursting of a night storm. As their horses' hoofs died away, Gurth said to his companion, "If they follow thy wise direction, the reverend fathers will hardly reach Rotherwood this night."

---

* Pronounce *zhor-vō'—o* as in "note." Locally it is called *jar'-vis.*

But, guided through the forest by a palmer,[1] whom they fell in with at the Sunken Cross, the Prior and the Templar, with their attendants, arrived safely, that night, at the mansion of Cedric. Before the entrance the Templar wound[2] his horn loudly; for the rain, which had long threatened, began now to descend with great violence.

CHAPTER II.

AT CEDRIC'S MANSION.

In a hall, the height of which was greatly disproportioned to its extreme length and width, a long oaken table, formed of planks rough-hewn from the forest, and which had scarcely received any polish, stood ready prepared for the evening meal of Cedric the Saxon. For about one quarter of the length of the apartment, the floor was raised by a step, and this space, which was called the dais, was occupied only by the principal members of the family, and visitors of distinction. For this purpose, a table richly covered with scarlet cloth was placed transversely[3] across the platform, from the middle of which ran the longer and lower board, at which the domestics and inferior persons fed, down towards the bottom of the hall.

In the centre of the upper table were placed two chairs more elevated than the rest, for the master and mistress of the family. One of these seats was at present occupied by Cedric the Saxon, who, though but in rank a thane,[4] felt, at the delay of his evening meal, an irritable impatience, which might have become an alderman,[1] whether of ancient or of modern times.

And, as he sat, he sadly mused of his only son Wilfred, who had been banished from home, having deeply offended his father by daring to lift his eyes in the way of affection towards the beautiful Rowena,* a noble Saxon lady who was Cedric's ward, and who dwelt at Rotherwood in high honour. From his musing, Cedric was suddenly awakened by the blast of a horn, which was replied to by the clamorous[2] yells and barking of all the dogs in the hall, and some twenty or thirty which were quartered in other parts of the building.

"To the gate, knaves!"[3] said the Saxon hastily, as soon as the tumult was so much appeased that the dependents could hear his voice. "See what tidings that horn tells us of."

Returning in less than three minutes, a warder announced, "that the Prior Aymer† of Jorvaulx, and the good knight Brian de Bois-Guilbert,‡ commander of the valiant and venerable order of Knights Templars, with a small retinue, requested hospitality and lodging for the night, being on their way to a tournament which was to be held not far from Ashby-de-la-Zouche,§[4] on the second day from the present."

"Go, Hundebert,"‖ said Cedric, to a sort of major-domo[5] who stood behind him with a white wand; "take six of the attendants, and introduce the strangers to the guests' lodging. Look after their horses and mules, and see their train lack nothing. Let them have change of vestments if they require it, and fire, and water to wash, and wine and ale; and bid the cooks add what they hastily can to our evening meal; and let it be put on the board when those strangers are ready to share it."

---

* Pronounce *rō-ē′-nȧ—ō* as in "note"; *ē* as in "me"; *ȧ* as in "sofa."

† " *ā′-mer—ā* as in "mate"; *e* as in "maker."

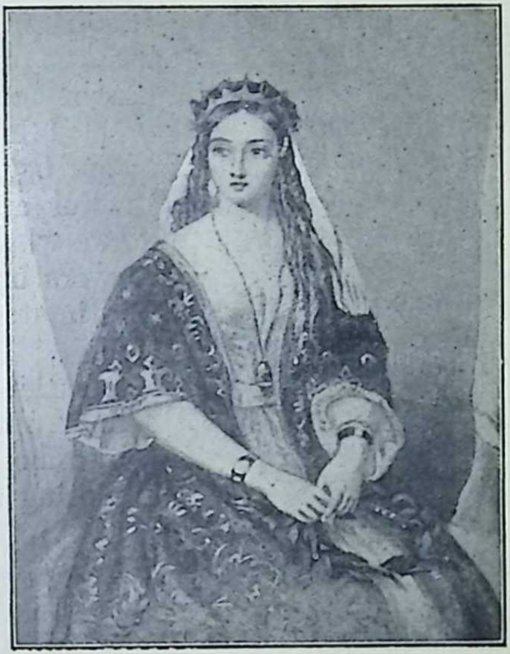
‡ " *brē-äṅ′ de bwä gēl-bâr′—ē* as in "me"; *ä* as in "father"; *ṅ* as *ng* in "sing"; *e* as in "maker"; *â* as in "care."

§ " *ash′-bĭ-del-ȧ-zooch′—ĭ* as in "it"; *ȧ* as in "sofa"; *oo* as in "spoon."

‖ " *hun′-de-bert.*

The Prior and Templar presently entered the hall, followed by their respective attendants, and at a more humble distance by their guide, whose figure had nothing more remarkable than it derived from the usual weeds[1] of a pilgrim. A cloak or mantle of coarse black serge enveloped his whole body. It was in shape something like the cloak of a modern hussar,[2] having similar flaps for covering the arms. He followed modestly the last of the train which entered the hall, and, observing that the lower table scarce afforded room sufficient for the domestics of Cedric and the retinue of his guests, he withdrew to a settle[3] placed beside and almost under one of the large chimneys, and seemed to employ himself in drying his garments, until the retreat of some one should make room at the board, or the hospitality of the steward should supply him with refreshments in the place he had chosen apart.

When the repast was about to commence, the steward, suddenly raising his wand, said aloud,—"Forbear!—Place for the Lady Rowena." A side-door at the upper end of the hall now opened behind the banquet-table, and Rowena, followed by four female attendants, entered the apartment. Cedric, though surprised, and perhaps not altogether agreeably so, at his ward appearing in public on this occasion, hastened to meet her, and to conduct her, with respectful ceremony, to the elevated seat at his own right hand, appropriated to the lady of the mansion. All stood up to receive her; and, replying to their courtesy by a mute gesture of salutation,[1] she moved gracefully forward to assume her place at the board.



The Lady Rowena, from a painting by J. R. Herbert (1810—1890).

Rowena was tall in stature, yet not so much so as to attract observation on account of superior height.

Her complexion was exquisitely[1] fair. Her clear blue eye, which sat enshrined beneath a graceful eyebrow of brown, sufficiently marked to give expression to the forehead, seemed capable to kindle as well as melt,[2] to command as well as to beseech. If mildness were the more natural expression of such a combination of features, it was plain that, in the present instance, the exercise of habitual superiority, and the reception of general homage, had given to the Saxon lady a loftier character, which mingled with and qualified that bestowed by nature. Her profuse hair, of a colour betwixt brown and flaxen, was arranged in a fanciful and graceful manner in numerous ringlets, to form which art had probably aided nature. These locks were braided with gems, and, being worn at full length, intimated the noble and free-born condition of the maiden.

The repast now began, and conversation proceeded between Cedric and his guests, till interrupted by the entrance of the porter's page, who announced that there was a stranger at the gate, imploring admittance and hospitality.

"Admit him," said Cedric, "be he who or what he may;—a night like that which roars without, compels even wild animals to herd with tame, and to seek the protection of man, their mortal foe,[3] rather than perish by the elements.[4] Let his wants be ministered to with all care—look to it, Oswald."*

And the steward left the banqueting-hall to see the commands of his patron obeyed.

---

* Pronounce *oz'-wȧld—ȧ* as in "sofa."

Oswald, returning, whispered into the ear of his master, "It is a Jew, who calls himself Isaac of York; is it fit I should marshal him into the hall?"

"Saint Mary!" said the prior, crossing himself; "an unbelieving Jew, and admitted into this presence!"

"A dog Jew," echoed the Templar, "to approach a defender of the Holy Sepulchre!"[1]

"Peace, my worthy guests," said Cedric; "my hospitality must not be bounded by your dislikes. If Heaven bore with the whole nation of stiff-necked[2] unbelievers for more years than a layman can number, we may endure the presence of one Jew for a few hours. But I constrain no man to converse or to feed with him."

Introduced with little ceremony, and advancing with fear and hesitation, and many a bow of deep humility, a tall thin old man, who, however, had lost by the habit of stooping much of his actual height, approached the lower end of the board.

The reception of this person in the hall of Cedric the Saxon was such as might have satisfied the most prejudiced enemy of the tribes of Israel. Cedric himself coldly nodded in answer to the Jew's repeated salutations, and signed to him to take place at the lower end of the table, where, however, no one offered to make room for him. While Isaac thus stood an outcast in the present society, like his people among the nations, looking in vain for welcome or resting-place, the pilgrim who sat by the chimney took compassion upon him, and resigned his seat, saying briefly, "Old man, my garments are dried, my hunger is appeased, thou art both wet and fasting." So saying, he gathered together, and brought to a flame, the decaying brands[1] which lay scattered on the ample hearth; took from the larger board a mess of pottage and seethed[2] kid, placed it upon the small table at which he had himself supped, and, without waiting the Jew's thanks, went to the other side of the hall.

"Cup-bearer!" exclaimed Cedric, "knave, fill the goblets.—To the strong in arms, Sir Templar, be their race or language what it will, who now bear them best in Palestine among the champions of the Cross!"

"It becomes not one wearing this badge to answer," said Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert; "yet to whom, besides the sworn champions of the Holy Sepulchre, can the palm be assigned[3] among the champions of the Cross?"

"To the Knight Hospitallers,"[4] said the prior; "I have a brother of their order."

"Were there, then, none in the English army," said the Lady Rowena, "whose names are worthy to be mentioned with the Knights of the Temple and of St. John?"

"Forgive me, lady," replied De Bois-Guilbert; "the English monarch did, indeed, bring to Palestine a host of gallant warriors, second only to those whose breasts have been the unceasing bulwark of that blessed land."

"Second to NONE," said the pilgrim, who had stood near enough to hear, and had listened to this conversation with marked impatience. All turned towards the spot from whence this unexpected asseveration[5] was heard. "I say," repeated the pilgrim, in a firm and strong voice, "that the English chivalry[1] were second to NONE who ever drew sword in defence of the Holy Land. I say besides, for I saw it, that King Richard himself, and five of his knights, held a tournament after the taking of St. John-de-Acre,*[2] as challengers against all comers. I say that, on that day, each knight ran three courses, and cast to the ground three antagonists. I add, that seven of these assailants were Knights of the Temple—and Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert well knows the truth of what I tell you."

It is impossible for language to describe the bitter scowl of rage which rendered yet darker the swarthy countenance of the Templar.

"I would give thee this golden bracelet, pilgrim," said Cedric, "couldst thou tell me the names of those knights who upheld so gallantly the renown of merry England."

"The first in honour as in arms, in renown as in place," said the pilgrim, "was the brave Richard, King of England."

"I forgive him," said Cedric; "I forgive him his descent from the tyrant Duke William."[3]

"The Earl of Leicester was the second," continued the pilgrim; "Sir Thomas Multon of Gilsland†[4] was the third."

"Of Saxon descent, he at least," said Cedric, with exultation.

---

* Pronounce *ā′-ker* or *ä′-ker*—*ā* as in "mate"; *ä* as in "father"; *ẽ* as in "maker."

† " with *g* as in "go."

“Sir Foulk Doilly* the fourth,” proceeded the pilgrim.

“Saxon also, at least by the mother’s side,” continued Cedric, who listened with the utmost eagerness, and forgot, in part at least, his hatred to the Normans, in the common triumph of the king of England and his islanders. “And who was the fifth?” he demanded.

“The fifth was Sir Edwin Turneham.”

“Genuine Saxon, by the soul of Hengist!”†[1] shouted Cedric. “And the sixth?” he continued with eagerness—“how name you the sixth?”

“The sixth,” said the palmer, after a pause, in which he seemed to recollect himself, “was a young knight of lesser renown and lower rank, assumed into that honourable company, less to aid their enterprise than to make up their number—his name dwells not in my memory.”

“Sir Palmer,” said Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert scornfully, “this assumed forgetfulness, after so much has been remembered, comes too late to serve your purpose. I will myself tell the name of the knight before whose lance fortune and my horse’s fault occasioned my falling—it was the Knight of Ivanhoe;‡ nor was there one of the six that, for his years, had more renown in arms.—Yet this will I say, and loudly—that were he in England, and durst repeat, in this week’s tournament, the challenge of Saint John-de-Acre, I, mounted and armed as I now am, would give him every advantage of weapons, and abide the result."

---

* Pronounce *fook doil'-ĭ—oo* as in “spoon”; *oi* as in “point”; *ĭ* as in “it.”

† ,, *heng'-gist—g* as in “go.”

‡ ,, *ī'-văn-hō—ī* as in “mine”; *ă* as in “sofa”; *ō* as in “note.”

"Your challenge would be soon answered," replied the palmer, "were your antagonist near you. As the matter is, disturb not the peaceful hall with vaunts of the issue of a conflict, which you well know cannot take place. If Ivanhoe ever returns from Palestine, I will be his surety that he meet you."

"A goodly security!" said the Knight Templar; "and what do you proffer as a pledge?"

"This reliquary,"[1] said the palmer, taking a small ivory box from his bosom, and crossing himself; "containing a portion of the true cross, brought from the monastery of Mount Carmel."[2]

The Templar took from his neck a gold chain, which he flung on the board, saying—"Let Prior Aymer hold my pledge and that of this nameless vagrant, in token that when the Knight of Ivanhoe comes within the four seas of Britain, he underlies the challenge of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, which, if he answer not, I will proclaim him as a coward on the walls of every Temple court in Europe."

Prior Aymer was a hater of brawls, and, seeing his companion in so reckless and presumptuous a mood, he proposed, very soon after this proud speech of the Templar's, that they should all retire to rest. A final pledge was drunk to the welfare of the Lady Rowena; and then the servants attended the guests to their respective places of repose.

CHAPTER III.

ISAAC THE JEW.

The palmer spent that night in a cell next to the one allotted to the Jew. As soon as it was daylight, he went to wake his neighbour. The old man started up, his grey hair standing almost erect upon his head, and, huddling some part of his garments about him, while he held the detached pieces with the tenacious[1] grasp of a falcon, he fixed upon the palmer his keen black eyes, expressive of wild surprise and of bodily apprehension.[2]

"Fear nothing from me, Isaac," said the palmer, "I come as your friend."

"The God of Israel requite you," said the Jew, greatly relieved; "I dreamed—But Father Abraham be praised, it was but a dream." Then, collecting himself, he added in his usual tone, "And what may it be your pleasure to want at so early an hour with the poor Jew ?"

"It is to tell you," said the palmer, "that if you leave not this mansion instantly, and travel not with some haste, your journey may prove a dangerous one."

"Holy father!" said the Jew; "whom could it interest to endanger so poor a wretch as I am ?"

"The purpose you can best guess," said the pilgrim; "but rely on this, that when the Templar crossed the hall yesternight, he spoke to his Mussulman slaves in the Saracen language, which I well understand, and charged them this morning to watch the journey of the Jew, to seize upon him when at a convenient distance from the mansion, and to conduct him to the castle of Philip de Malvoisin,* or to that of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf."†

It is impossible to describe the extremity of terror which seized upon the Jew at this information, and seemed at once to overpower his whole faculties.[1]

"Stand up, Isaac, and hearken to me," said the palmer; "you have cause for your terror, considering how your brethren have been used, in order to extort from them their hoards, both by princes and nobles; but stand up, I say, and I will point out to you the means of escape. Leave this mansion instantly, while its inmates sleep sound after the last night's revel. I will guide you by the secret paths of the forest, known as well to me as to any forester that ranges it, and I will not leave you till you are under safe conduct of some chief or baron going to the tournament, whose good-will you have probably the means of securing."

He led the way to the adjoining cell, which was occupied by Gurth the swineherd.—"Arise, Gurth," said the pilgrim, "arise quickly. Undo the postern gate,[2] and let out the Jew and me."

The swineherd replied that they must both wait till the great gate was opened. Then the palmer stooped over his bed, and whispered something in his ear in Saxon. Gurth started up as if electrified. The pilgrim, raising his finger in an attitude as if to express caution, added, "Gurth, beware—thou art wont to be prudent. I say, undo the postern—thou shalt know more anon."[1]

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* Pronounce *de măl-vwä-zań'*—*e* as in "maker"; *ä* as in "father"; *ă* as in "am"; *ń* as *ng* in "sing."

† " *froń-de-buf'*—*o* as in "or"; *ń* as *ng* in "sing"; *e* as in "maker"; *u* as in "hurt."

With hasty alacrity Gurth obeyed him.

"My mule, my mule," said the Jew, as soon as they stood without the postern.

"Fetch him his mule," said the pilgrim; "and hearest thou,—let me have another, that I may bear him company till he is beyond these parts—I will return it safely to some of Cedric's train at Ashby. And do thou"—he whispered the rest in Gurth's ear.

"Willingly, most willingly shall it be done," said Gurth, and instantly departed to execute the commission.

After a few moments Gurth appeared on the opposite side of the moat with the mules. The travellers crossed the ditch upon a drawbridge. No sooner had they reached the mules, than the Jew, with hasty and trembling hands, secured behind the saddle a small bag of blue buckram,[2] which he took from under his cloak, containing, as he muttered, "a change of raiment—only a change of raiment."

The palmer, to whom every path and outlet in the wood appeared to be familiar, led the way through the most devious[3] paths, and more than once excited anew the suspicion of the Israelite, that he intended to betray him into some ambuscade[4] of his enemies.

The palmer at length broke silence.

"That large decayed oak," he said, "marks the boundaries over which Front-de-Bœuf claims authority—we are long since far from those of Malvoisin. There is now no fear of pursuit. We are now not far from the town of Sheffield, where thou mayest easily find many of thy tribe with whom to take refuge."

"The blessing of Jacob be upon thee, good youth!" said the Jew; "in Sheffield I can harbour with my kinsman Zareth,* and find some means of travelling forth with safety."

"Be it so," said the palmer; "at Sheffield then we part, and half-an-hour's riding will bring us in sight of that town."

The half-hour was spent in perfect silence on both parts; the pilgrim perhaps disdaining to address the Jew, except in case of absolute necessity, and the Jew not presuming to force a conversation with a person whose journey to the Holy Sepulchre gave a sort of sanctity to his character. They paused on the top of a gently rising bank, and the pilgrim, pointing to the town of Sheffield which lay beneath them, repeated the words, "Here, then, we part."

"Not till you have had the poor Jew's thanks," said Isaac; "for I presume not to ask you to go with me to my kinsman Zareth's, who might aid me with some means of repaying your good offices."[1]

"I desire no recompense," answered the pilgrim. "If, among the huge list of thy debtors, thou wilt, for my sake, spare the gyves[2] and the dungeon to some unhappy Christian who stands in thy danger,[3] I shall hold this morning's service to thee well bestowed."

"Stay, stay," said the Jew, laying hold of his garment; "something would I do more than this, something for thyself.—God knows the Jew is poor—yes, Isaac is the beggar of his tribe—but forgive me should I guess what thou most lackest at this moment."

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* Pronounce *zā'-reth*—*ā* as in "mate"; *th* as in "thin."

"If thou wert to guess truly," said the palmer, "it is what thou canst not supply, wert thou as wealthy as thou sayest thou art poor."

"As I say?" echoed the Jew; "O, believe it, I say but the truth; I am a plundered, indebted, distressed man. Hard hands have wrung from me my goods, my money, my ships, and all that I possessed.—Yet I can tell thee what thou lackest, and, it may be, supply it too. Thy wish even now is for a horse and armour."

The Jew, drawing forth his writing materials in haste, began to write upon a piece of paper, which he supported on the top of his yellow cap, without dismounting from his mule. When he had finished, he delivered the scroll, which was in the Hebrew character, to the pilgrim, saying, "In the town of Leicester all men know the rich Jew, Kirjath Jairam,* of Lombardy;† give him this scroll—he hath on sale six Milan‡ harnesses,[1] the worst would suit a crowned head—ten goodly steeds, the worst might mount a king, were he to do battle for his throne. Of these he will give thee thy choice, with everything else that can furnish thee forth for the tournament; when it is over, thou wilt return them safely—unless thou shouldst have wherewith to pay their value to the owner."

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* Pronounce *kėr'-jath jā'-er-ăm*—*ė* as in "her"; *ă* as in "am"; *ā* as in "mate"; *ȧ* as in "sofa."

† " *lŏm'-bar-dĭ*—*ŏ* as in "not"; *ȧ* as in "sofa"; *ĭ* as in "it."

‡ " *mĭ-lăn'* or *mĭl'-ȧn*—*ĭ* as in "it"; *ă* as in "at"; *ȧ* "as in "sofa."

"But, Isaac," said the pilgrim, smiling, "dost thou know that in these sports the arms and steed of the knight who is unhorsed are forfeit to his victor? Now I may be unfortunate, and so lose what I cannot replace or repay."

The Jew looked somewhat astounded at this possibility; but, collecting his courage, he replied hastily, "No—no—no—it is impossible—I will not think so. The blessing of our Father will be upon thee. Thy lance will be powerful as the rod of Moses."[1]

They parted and took different roads for the town of Sheffield.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TOURNAMENT.

The passage of arms, as it was called, which was to take place at Ashby, in the county of Leicester, as champions of the first renown were to take the field in the presence of Prince John himself, who was expected to grace the lists, had attracted universal attention, and an immense confluence[2] of persons of all ranks hastened upon the appointed morning to the place of combat.

The scene was singularly romantic. On the verge of a wood, which approached to within a mile of the town of Ashby, was an extensive meadow, of the finest and most beautiful green turf, surrounded on one side by the forest, and fringed on the other by straggling oak trees, some of which had grown to an immense size. The ground, as if fashioned on purpose for the martial display which was intended, sloped gradually down on all sides to a level bottom, which was enclosed for the lists with strong palisades, forming a space of a quarter of a mile in length, and about half as broad. The form of the enclosure was an oblong square, save that the corners were considerably rounded off, in order to afford more convenience to the spectators. The openings for the entry of the combatants were at the northern and southern extremities of the lists, accessible by strong wooden gates, each wide enough to admit two horsemen riding abreast. At each of these portals were stationed two heralds, attended by six trumpets, and a strong body of men-at-arms for maintaining order, and ascertaining the quality of the knights who proposed to engage in this martial game.

On a platform beyond the southern entrance, formed by a natural elevation of the ground, were pitched five magnificent pavilions, adorned with pennons of russet and black, the chosen colours of the five knights challengers. The central pavilion, as the place of honour, had been assigned to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, whose renown in all games of chivalry, no less than his connection with the knights who had undertaken this passage of arms, had occasioned him to be eagerly received into the company of the challengers, and even adopted as their chief and leader, though he had so recently joined them. On one side of his tent were pitched those of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf and Philip de Malvoisin, and on the other was the pavilion of Hugh de Grantmesnil,* a noble baron in the vicinity, whose ancestor had been Lord High Steward[1] of England in the time of the Conqueror, and his son William Rufus. Ralph de Vipont,* a Knight of Saint John of Jerusalem, who had some ancient possessions at a place called Heather, near Ashby-de-la-Zouche, occupied the fifth pavilion.

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* Pronounce *gräṅ-mā-nēl'*—*ä* as in "father; *ṅ* as *ng* in "sing"; *ā* as in "mate"; *ē* as in "me."

The northern access to the lists terminated in a similar entrance of thirty feet in breadth, at the extremity of which was a large enclosed space for such knights as might be disposed to enter the lists with the challengers.

The exterior of the lists was in part occupied by temporary galleries, spread with tapestry and carpets, and accommodated with cushions for the convenience of those ladies and nobles who were expected to attend the tournament. A narrow space, betwixt these galleries and the lists, gave accommodation for yeomanry and spectators of a better degree than the mere vulgar, and might be compared to the pit of a theatre. One gallery in the very centre of the eastern side of the lists, and consequently exactly opposite to the spot where the shock of the combat was to take place, was raised higher than the others, more richly decorated, and graced by a sort of throne and canopy, on which the royal arms were emblazoned. Squires, pages, and yeomen in rich liveries, waited around this place of honour, which was designed for Prince John and his attendants. Opposite to this royal gallery was another, elevated to the same height, on the western side of the lists; and more gaily, if less sumptuously, decorated than that destined for the prince himself. A train of pages and of young maidens, the most beautiful who could be selected, gaily dressed in fancy habits of green and pink, surrounded a throne decorated in the same colours. A blazoned[1] inscription informed the spectators, that this seat of honour was designed for the Queen of Beauty and of Love.

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* Pronounce *vē-poṅ'*—*ē* as in "me"; *o* as in "or"; *ṅ* as *ng* in "sing."

Gradually the galleries became filled with knights and nobles, in their robes of peace, whose long and rich-tinted mantles were contrasted with the gayer and more splendid habits of the ladies. One of the galleries was occupied by the family of Cedric the Saxon, with that of his ally and kinsman, Athelstane* of Coningsburgh,†[2] who, on account of his descent from the last Saxon monarchs of England, was held in the highest respect by all the Saxon natives of the North Country, and whom Cedric greatly desired that Rowena should espouse. Beneath this gallery, amid the throng of spectators, was our acquaintance Isaac, who, richly and even magnificently dressed, was endeavouring to make place in the foremost row for his daughter, the beautiful Rebecca, who had joined him at Ashby.

Attended by a gallant equipage,[3] himself well mounted, and splendidly dressed in crimson and in gold, bearing upon his hand a falcon, and having his head covered by a rich fur bonnet, adorned with a circle of precious stones, from which his long curled hair escaped and overspread his shoulders, Prince John, upon a grey and high-mettled palfrey,[1] caracoled[2] within the lists at the head of his jovial party.

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* Pronounce *ath'-el-stān*—*ā* as in "mate."

† " *kon'-ings-bur-ō*—*u* as in "but"; *ō* as in "note."

The prince assumed his throne, and gave signal to the heralds to proclaim the laws of the tournament, which they then did. Meantime, the enclosed space at the northern extremity of the lists, large as it was, was now completely crowded with knights desirous to prove their skill against the challengers.

At length the barriers were opened, and five knights, chosen by lot, advanced slowly into the area; a single champion riding in front, and the other four following in pairs.

The champions advanced through the lists, restraining their fiery steeds, and compelling them to move slowly, while, at the same time, they exhibited their paces, together with the grace and dexterity of the riders. As the procession entered the lists, the sound of a wild barbaric music was heard from behind the tents of the challengers, where the performers were concealed. It was of Eastern origin, having been brought from the Holy Land; and the mixture of the cymbals and bells seemed to bid welcome at once, and defiance, to the knights as they advanced. With the eyes of an immense concourse[3] of spectators fixed upon them, the five knights advanced up the platform upon which the tents of the challengers stood, and there separating themselves, each touched slightly, and with the reverse of his lance, the shield of the antagonist to whom he wished to oppose himself.

The champions then retreated to the extremity of the lists, where they remained drawn up in a line ; while the challengers, sallying each from his pavilion, mounted their horses, and, headed by Brian de Bois-Guilbert, descended from the platform, and opposed themselves individually to the knights who had touched their respective shields.

In encounter with these, and also in three following encounters with other parties of knights, the challengers were successful. Then there was a considerable pause ; nor did it appear that any one was very desirous of renewing the contest.

At length, as the Saracenic music of the challengers concluded a long and high flourish, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion which these sounds announced, and no sooner were the barriers opened than he paced into the lists. As far as could be judged of a man sheathed in armour, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit of armour was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold, and the device on his shield was a young oak-tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *Desdichado,** signifying Disinherited.

The champion ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists, and, to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert until it rung again. All stood astonished at his presumption, but none more than the redoubted knight whom he had thus defied to mortal combat, and who, little expecting so rude a challenge, was standing carelessly at the door of the pavilion.

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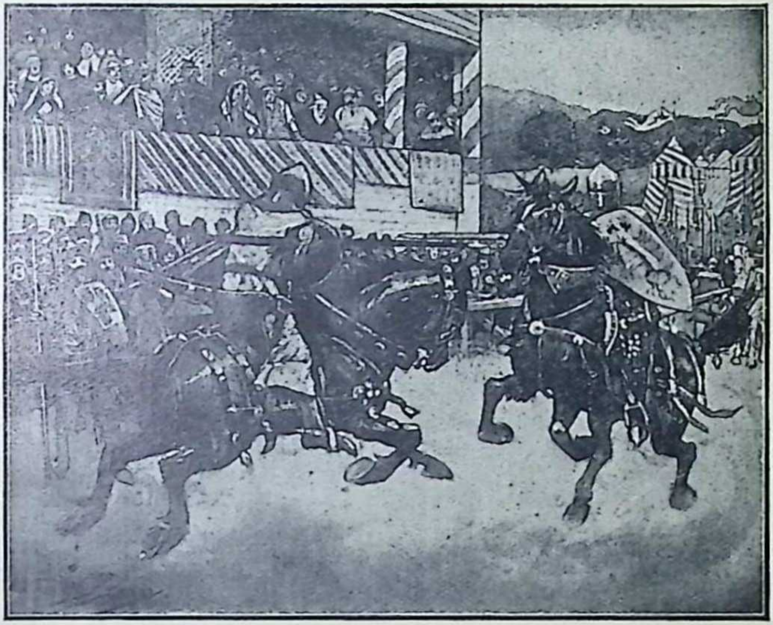
* Pronounce *des-dĭ-chä'-thō*—*ĭ* as in "it"; *ä* as in "father"; *th* as in "then"; *ō* as in "note."



A Tournament in the time of Richard I. (1189—1199).

The Disinherited Knight, for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the books of the tourney, reined his horse backward down the slope which he had ascended, and compelled him in the same manner to move backward through the lists, till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary, in expectation of his antagonist.

The trumpets had no sooner given the signal, than the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the centre of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp, and it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backwards upon its haunches. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by use of the bridle and spur; and, having glared on each other for an instant with eyes which seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors,[1] each, retiring to the extremity of the lists, received a fresh lance from the attendants.

In the second encounter, the Templar aimed at the centre of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair and forcibly, that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion had, in the beginning of his career, directed the point of his lance towards Bois-Guilbert's shield, but, changing his aim almost in the moment of encounter, he addressed it to the helmet, a mark more difficult to hit, but which, if attained, rendered the shock more irresistible. Fair and true he hit the Norman on the visor, where his lance's point kept hold of the bars. Yet, even at this disadvantage, the Templar sustained his high reputation; and had not the girths of his saddle burst, he might not have been unhorsed. As it chanced, however, saddle, horse, and man rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment; and, stung with madness, both at his disgrace and at the acclamations with which it was hailed by the spectators, he drew his sword, and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disinherited Knight sprung from his steed, and also unsheathed his sword. The marshals[1] of the field, however, spurred their horses between them, and reminded them that the laws of the tournament did not, on the present occasion, permit this species of encounter.

"We shall meet again, I trust," said the Templar, casting a resentful glance at his antagonist; "and where there are none to separate us."

"If we do not," said the Disinherited Knight, "the fault shall not be mine. On foot, or horseback, with spear, with axe, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee."

The stranger triumphed likewise over the four other challengers. Then the acclamations of thousands applauded the unanimous award of the prince and marshals, announcing that day's honours to the Disinherited Knight.

"Sir Disinherited Knight," said Prince John, "since that is the only title by which we can address you, it is now your duty, as well as privilege, to name the fair lady, who, as Queen of Honour and of Love, is to preside over next day's festival. Confer on whom you please this crown, by the delivery of which to the lady of your choice, the election of to-morrow's Queen will be formal and complete.—Raise your lance."

The knight obeyed; and Prince John placed upon its point a coronet of green satin, having around its edge a circlet of gold.

The Disinherited Knight, pacing forwards slowly, seemed to exercise his right of examining the numerous fair faces which adorned that splendid circle.

At length the champion paused beneath the balcony in which the Lady Rowena was placed, and the expectation of the spectators was excited to the utmost.

Gradually and gracefully sinking the point of his lance, he deposited the coronet which it supported at the feet of the fair Rowena. The trumpets instantly sounded, while the heralds proclaimed the Lady Rowena the Queen of Beauty and of Love for the ensuing day.

There was some murmuring among the damsels of Norman descent. But these sounds of disaffection were drowned by the popular shout of "Long live the Lady Rowena, the chosen and lawful Queen of Love and of Beauty!"

Cedric lifted the coronet, and placed it upon Rowena's head, in token of her acceptance of the temporary authority assigned to her.

A general acclamation[1] attended the victor of the day, until, anxious to withdraw himself from popular notice, he accepted the accommodation of one of those pavilions pitched at the extremities of the lists, the use of which was courteously tendered him by the marshals of the field.

CHAPTER V.

THE DISINHERITED KNIGHT.

Morning arose in unclouded splendour, and ere the sun was much above the horizon, the idlest or the most eager of the spectators appeared on the common, moving to the lists as to a general centre, in order to secure a favourable situation for viewing the continuation of the expected games.

The marshals and their attendants appeared next on the field, together with the heralds, for the purpose of receiving the names of the knights who intended to joust,[1] with the side which each chose to espouse. This was a necessary precaution, in order to secure equality betwixt the two bodies who should be opposed to each other.

According to due formality, the Disinherited Knight was to be considered as leader of the one body, while Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who had been rated as having done second-best in the preceding day, was named first champion of the other band.

About the hour of ten o'clock, the whole plain was crowded with horsemen, horsewomen, and foot-passengers, hastening to the tournament; and shortly after, a grand flourish of trumpets announced Prince John and his retinue.

About the same time arrived Cedric the Saxon, with the Lady Rowena, unattended, however, by Athelstane. This Saxon lord had arrayed his tall and strong person in armour, in order to take his place among the combatants; and, considerably to the surprise of Cedric, had chosen to enlist himself on the part of the Knight Templar.

As soon as Prince John observed that the destined Queen of the day had arrived upon the field, assuming that air of courtesy which sat well upon him when he was pleased to exhibit it, he rode forward to meet her, doffed[1] his bonnet, and, alighting from his horse, assisted the Lady Rowena from her saddle, while his followers uncovered at the same time, and one of the most distinguished dismounted to hold her palfrey.

"It is thus," said Prince John, "that we set the dutiful example of loyalty to the Queen of Love and Beauty, and are ourselves her guide to the throne which she must this day occupy." So saying, the prince marshalled Rowena to the seat of honour opposite his own.

The knights, entering at either end of the lists in long procession, arranged themselves in a double file, precisely opposite to each other, the leader of each party being in the centre of the foremost rank,—a post which he did not occupy until each had carefully arranged the ranks of his party, and stationed every one in his place.

It was a goodly, and at the same time an anxious sight, to behold so many gallant champions, mounted bravely, and armed richly, stand ready prepared for an encounter so formidable, seated on their war-saddles like so many pillars of iron, and awaiting the signal of encounter with the same ardour[2] as their generous steeds, which, by neighing and pawing the ground, gave signal of their impatience.

As yet the knights held their long lances upright, their bright points glancing to the sun, and the streamers with which they were decorated fluttering over the plumage of the helmets. Thus they remained while the marshals of the field surveyed their ranks with the utmost exactness, lest either party had more or fewer than the appointed number. The tale[1] was found exactly complete.

One of the marshals then gave the word to engage. The trumpets sounded as he spoke—the spears of the champions were at once lowered and placed in the rests[2] —the spurs were dashed into the flanks of the horses, and the two foremost ranks of either party rushed upon each other in full gallop, and met in the middle of the lists with a shock, the sound of which was heard at a mile's distance. The rear rank of each party advanced at a slower pace to sustain the defeated, and follow up the success of the victors of their party.

The consequences of the encounter were not instantly seen, for the dust raised by the trampling of so many steeds darkened the air, and it was a minute ere the anxious spectators could see the fate of the encounter. When the fight became visible, half the knights on each side were dismounted, some by the dexterity of their adversary's lance,—some by the superior weight and strength of opponents, which had borne down both horse and man,—some lay stretched on earth as if never more to rise,—some had already gained their feet, and were closing hand to hand with those of their antagonists[1] who were in the same predicament,[2]—and several on both sides, who had received wounds by which they were disabled, were stopping their blood with their scarfs, and endeavouring to extricate[3] themselves from the tumult. The mounted knights, whose lances had been almost all broken by the fury of the encounter, were now closely engaged with their swords, shouting their war-cries, and exchanging buffets, as if honour and life depended on the issue of the combat.

The tumult was presently increased by the advance of the second rank on either side, which, acting as a reserve, now rushed on to aid their companions.

Amid the varied fortunes of the combat, the eyes of all endeavoured to discover the leaders of each band, who, mingling in the thick of the fight, encouraged their companions both by voice and example. Both displayed great feats of gallantry, nor did either Bois-Guilbert or the Disinherited Knight find in the ranks opposed to them a champion who could be termed their unquestioned match.

They repeatedly endeavoured to single out each other, spurred by mutual animosity,[4] and aware that the fall of either leader might be considered as decisive of victory. Such, however, was the crowd and confusion, that, during the earlier part of the conflict, their efforts to meet were unavailing, and they were repeatedly separated by the eagerness of their followers, each of whom was anxious to win honour, by measuring his strength against the leader of the opposite party.

But when the field became thin by the numbers on either side who had yielded themselves vanquished, had been compelled to the extremity of the lists, or been otherwise rendered incapable of continuing the strife, the Templar and the Disinherited Knight at length encountered hand to hand, with all the fury that mortal animosity, joined to rivalry of honour, could inspire.

At this moment the party of the Disinherited Knight had the worst; the gigantic arm of Front-de-Bœuf on the one flank, and the ponderous strength of Athelstane on the other, bearing down and dispersing those immediately exposed to them. Finding themselves freed from their immediate antagonists, it seems to have occurred to both these knights at the same instant, that they would render the most decisive advantage to their party, by aiding the Templar in his contest with his rival. Turning their horses, therefore, at the same moment, the Norman spurred against the Disinherited Knight on the one side, and the Saxon on the other.

There was among the ranks of the Disinherited Knight a champion in black armour, mounted on a black horse, large of size, tall, and to all appearance powerful and strong, like the rider by whom he was mounted. This knight, who bore on his shield no device of any kind, had hitherto evinced very little interest in the event of the fight, beating off with seeming ease those combatants who attacked him, but neither pursuing his advantages, nor himself assailing any one. In short, he had hitherto acted the part rather of a spectator than of a party in the tournament, a circumstance which procured him among the spectators the name of the Black Sluggard.

At once this knight seemed to throw aside his apathy[1] when he discovered the leader of his party so hard bestead;[2] for, setting spurs to his horse, which was quite fresh, he came to his assistance like a thunderbolt, exclaiming in a voice like a trumpet-call, "*Desdichado*, to the rescue!" It was high time; for, while the Disinherited Knight was pressing upon the Templar, Front-de-Bœuf had got nigh to him with his uplifted sword; but ere the blow could descend, the Sable[3] Knight dealt a stroke on the head, which, glancing from the polished helmet, lighted with violence scarcely abated on the steed, and Front-de-Bœuf rolled on the ground, both horse and man equally stunned by the fury of the blow. He then turned his horse upon Athelstane; and, his own sword having been broken in his encounter with Front-de-Bœuf, he wrenched from the hand of the bulky Saxon the battle-axe which he wielded, and, like one familiar with the use of the weapon, bestowed him such a blow upon the crest, that Athelstane also lay senseless on the field.

Having achieved this double feat, for which he was the more highly applauded that it was totally unexpected from him, the knight seemed to resume the sluggishness of his character, returning calmly to the northern extremity of the lists, leaving his leader to cope as he best could with Brian de Bois-Guilbert. This was no longer matter of so much difficulty as formerly. The Templar's horse had bled much, and gave way under the shock of the Disinherited Knight's charge. Brian de Bois-Guilbert rolled on the field, encumbered with the stirrup, from which he was unable to draw his foot. His antagonist sprung from horseback, waved his fatal sword over the head of his adversary, and commanded him to yield himself; when Prince John saved him the mortification of confessing himself vanquished, by casting down his warder,[1] and putting an end to the conflict.

Thus ended the memorable field of Ashby-de-la-Zouche, one of the most gallantly contested tournaments of that age. Through a field slippery with blood, and encumbered with broken armour and the bodies of slain and wounded horses, the marshals of the lists again conducted the victor to the foot of Prince John's throne.

"Disinherited Knight," said Prince John, "since by that title only you will consent to be known to us, we a second time award to you the honours of this tournament." The knight bowed low and gracefully, but returned no answer.

The marshals conducted the Disinherited Knight across the lists to the foot of that throne of honour which was occupied by the Lady Rowena. On the lower step of this throne the champion was made to kneel down. Indeed, his whole action since the fight had ended seemed rather to have been upon the impulse of those around him than from his own free will; and it was observed that he tottered as they guided him the second time across the lists.

Rowena, descending from her station with a graceful and dignified step, was about to place the chaplet which she held in her hand upon the helmet of the champion, when the marshals exclaimed with one voice, "It must not be thus—his head must be bare." The knight muttered faintly a few words, which were lost in the hollow of his helmet, but their purport seemed to be a desire that his casque[1] might not be removed.

Whether from love of form or from curiosity, the marshals paid no attention to his expressions of reluctance, but unhelmed him by cutting the laces of his casque, and undoing the fastening of his gorget.[2] When the helmet was removed, the well-formed, yet sunburnt features of a young man of twenty-five were seen amidst a profusion of short fair hair. His countenance was as pale as death, and marked in one or two places with streaks of blood.

Rowena had no sooner beheld him than she uttered a faint shriek; but at once summoning up the energy of her disposition, and compelling herself, as it were, to proceed, while her frame yet trembled with the violence of sudden emotion, she placed upon the drooping head of the victor the splendid chaplet[3] which was the destined reward of the day, and pronounced in a clear and distinct tone these words: "I bestow on thee this chaplet, Sir Knight, as the meed[4] of valour assigned to this day's victor;" here she paused a moment, and then firmly added, "And upon brows more worthy could a wreath of chivalry never be placed!"

The knight stooped his head, and kissed the hand of the lovely sovereign by whom his valour had been rewarded; and then, sinking yet farther forward, lay prostrate[1] at her feet.

There was a general consternation.[2] Cedric, who had been struck mute by the sudden appearance of his banished son, now rushed forward, as if to separate him from Rowena. But this had already been accomplished by the marshals of the field, who, guessing the cause of Ivanhoe's swoon, had hastened to undo his armour, and found that the head of a lance had penetrated his breast-plate and inflicted a wound in his side.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CLERK OF COPMANHURST.

The Sable Knight had left the field abruptly when the victory was achieved. He held his course northward, avoiding all frequented paths, and taking the shortest road through the woodlands. He paused for the night at a small hostelry lying out of the ordinary route, where, however, he obtained from a wandering minstrel news of the event of the tourney.

On the next morning the knight departed early, with the intention of making a long journey; the condition of his horse, which he had carefully spared during the preceding morning, being such as enabled him to travel far without the necessity of much repose. Yet his purpose was baffled by the devious paths through which he rode, so that when evening closed upon him, he only found himself on the frontiers of the West Riding of Yorkshire. By this time both horse and man required refreshment, and it became necessary, moreover, to look out for some place in which they might spend the night, which was now fast approaching.

The knight resolved to trust to the sagacity of his horse; experience having, on former occasions, made him acquainted with the wonderful talent possessed by these animals for extricating themselves and their riders on such emergencies.

The good steed, grievously fatigued with so long a day's journey under a rider cased in mail, had no sooner found, by the slackened reins, that he was abandoned to his own guidance, than he seemed to assume new strength and spirit; and whereas formerly he had scarce replied to the spur, otherwise than by a groan, he now, as if proud of the confidence reposed in him, pricked up his ears, and assumed, of his own accord, a more lively motion. The path which the animal adopted rather turned off from the course pursued by the knight during the day; but, as the horse seemed confident in his choice, the rider abandoned himself to his discretion.

He was justified by the event; for the footpath soon after appeared a little wider and more worn, and the tinkle of a small bell gave the knight to understand that he was in the vicinity[1] of some chapel or hermitage.

Accordingly, he soon reached an open plat[2] of turf, on the opposite side of which a rock, rising abruptly from a gently sloping plain, offered its grey and weather-beaten front to the traveller. At the bottom of the rock, and leaning, as it were, against it, was constructed a rude hut, built chiefly of the trunks of trees felled in the neighbouring forest, and secured against the weather by having its crevices stuffed with moss mingled with clay. The stem of a young fir tree lopped of its branches, with a piece of wood tied across near the top, was planted upright by the door, as a rude emblem of the holy cross.

The knight leaped from his horse, and assailed the door of the hermitage with the butt of his lance, in order to arouse attention and gain admittance.

The door was opened; and the hermit, a large, strong-built man, in his sackcloth gown and hood, girt with a rope of rushes, stood before the knight. He had in one hand a lighted torch, or link, and in the other a baton[1] of crab-tree, so thick and heavy, that it might well be termed a club. When the torch glanced upon the lofty crest and golden spurs of the knight, who stood without, the hermit invited him to enter the hut.

He fixed his torch in a twisted branch of iron which served for a candlestick; and, placing an oaken trivet[2] before the embers of the fire, which he refreshed with some dry wood, he placed a stool upon one side of the table, and beckoned to the knight to do the same upon the other.

They sat down, and gazed with great gravity at each other, each thinking in his heart that he had seldom seen a stronger or more athletic figure than was placed opposite to him.

"Reverend hermit," said the knight, after looking long and fixedly at his host, "were it not to interrupt your devout meditations, I would pray to know three things of your holiness: first, where I am to put my horse—secondly, what I can have for supper—thirdly, where I am to take up my couch for the night."

"I will reply to you," said the hermit, "with my finger, it being against my rule to speak by words where signs can answer the purpose." So saying, he pointed successively to two corners of the hut. "Your stable," said he, "is there—your bed there; and," reaching down a platter with two handfuls of parched pease upon it from the neighbouring shelf, and placing it upon the table, he added, "your supper is here."

After the knight had with great difficulty accomplished the mastication[1] of a mouthful of the dried pease, he found it absolutely necessary to request his pious entertainer to furnish him with some liquor; who replied to his request by placing before him a large can of the purest water from a fountain which was hard by the hermitage.

"Holy father," said the knight, "permit a sinful layman to crave thy name?"

"Thou mayest call me," answered the hermit, "the Clerk of Copmanhurst,[2] for so I am termed in these parts—They add, it is true, the epithet Holy, but I stand not[3] upon that, as being unworthy of such addition. —And now, valiant knight, may I pray ye for the name of my honourable guest?"

"Truly," said the knight, "Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst, men call me in these parts the Black Knight,—many, sir, add to it the epithet of Sluggard, whereby I am no way ambitious to be distinguished."

The hermit could scarcely forbear from smiling.

"I see," said he, "Sir Sluggish Knight, that thou art a man of prudence and of counsel; and, moreover, I see that my poor monastic fare likes thee not, accustomed, perhaps, as thou hast been, to the licence of courts and camps, and the luxuries of cities; and now I bethink me, Sir Sluggard, that the charitable keeper of this forest-walk left me some food, which being unfit for my use, the very recollection of it had escaped me, amid my more weighty meditations."

The hermit went to the farther side of the hut, and opened a hutch, which was concealed with great care and some ingenuity. Out of the recesses of a dark closet, into which this aperture gave admittance, he brought a large pasty, baked in a pewter platter of unusual dimensions. This mighty dish he placed before his guest, who, using his poniard[1] to cut it open, lost no time in making himself acquainted with its contents.

"I have been in Palestine, Sir Clerk," said the knight, stopping short of a sudden, "and I bethink me it is a custom there that every host who entertains a guest shall assure him of the wholesomeness of his food, by partaking of it along with him. Far be it from me to suspect so holy a man of aught inhospitable, nevertheless I will be highly bound to you, would you comply with this Eastern custom."

The ice of ceremony being once broken,[2] it seemed matter of rivalry between the guest and the entertainer which should display the best appetite; and although the former had probably fasted longest, yet the hermit fairly surpassed him.

Presently, at a hint from the knight, the hermit brought forth some wine from the same hutch; and, after supper, their mirth grew fast and furious, and many a song was exchanged betwixt them, when their revels were interrupted by a loud knocking at the door of the hermitage.

CHAPTER VII.

IN TORQUILSTONE.

When Cedric the Saxon saw his son drop down senseless in the lists at Ashby, his first impulse was to order him into the custody and care of his own attendants, but the words choked in his throat. He could not bring himself to acknowledge, in presence of such an assembly, the son whom he had renounced and disinherited. He ordered, however, Oswald to keep an eye upon him; and directed that officer, with two of his serfs, to convey Ivanhoe to Ashby as soon as the crowd had dispersed. Oswald, however, was anticipated in this good office.[1] The crowd dispersed, indeed, but the knight was nowhere to be seen.

It was in vain that Cedric's cupbearer looked around for his young master—he saw the spot on which he had lately sunk down, but himself he saw no longer; it seemed as if the fairies had conveyed him from the spot.

Next day, whilst on their way back to Rotherwood, Cedric and his party fell in with Isaac the Jew and his daughter Rebecca, who had a sick friend with them, carried in a litter. They had heard that a band of outlaws was lying in wait in the woods, and they begged leave to put themselves under Cedric's protection, which he granted them.

Towards nightfall Cedric and his company did, indeed, encounter a band of men disguised as forest-outlaws; but really they were the Templar and his followers, and with them was Maurice de Bracy, Captain of Prince John's mercenaries,[1] his aim being to get possession of the Lady Rowena and compel her to marry him. Wamba the jester contrived to escape into the forest, but Cedric and the rest were overpowered and conveyed to Front-de-Bœuf's castle at Torquilstone.

In the forest Wamba happened upon Gurth the swineherd, and together they were going to make an attempt to rescue their master, when, of a sudden, there stood before them one whom they knew as Locksley the yeoman, under which name he had but lately been victor in an archery contest at Ashby. He was dressed just like those who had captured Cedric, and, telling Gurth and Wamba to wait for him, he went and mingled with that band, and learnt who the men really were, and whither they were taking their captives.

On his return, Locksley told Gurth and Wamba that Cedric the Saxon, the friend of the rights of Englishmen, should not want English hands to help him in this extremity. At his bidding they proceeded with him through the forest, and, after three hours' good walking, came to a small opening in the woods, where five or six yeomen were, of whom, as it seemed from their tokens of respect and attachment, Locksley was the leader.

He sent them to collect what force they could of their companions, and bade them meet him there by daybreak.

Accompanied by Gurth and Wamba, he pursued his way to the hermitage of Copmanhurst—for the jolly Clerk of Copmanhurst was, in truth, the priest of Robin Hood's men, and Locksley was none other than Robin Hood[1] himself. Locksley's loud and repeated knocking at the door disturbed, as we have seen, the hermit and the Sable Knight at their midnight revels. But when Locksley had related how matters stood, the Sable Knight readily consented to aid in the rescue of the captives; and then, one and all, they eagerly set forth for that purpose.

Meantime Cedric's captors had continued to hurry him along, travelling at a very rapid rate, until, at the end of an avenue of huge trees, arose Torquilstone, now the hoary and ancient castle of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf. It was a fortress of no great size, consisting of a donjon, or large and high square tower, surrounded by buildings of inferior height, which were encircled by an inner court-yard. Around the exterior wall was a deep moat, supplied with water from a neighbouring rivulet. Front-de-Bœuf, whose character placed him often at feud[2] with his enemies, had made considerable additions to the strength of his castle, by building towers upon the outward wall, so as to flank it at every angle. The access, as usual in castles of the period, lay through an arched barbican,[3] or outwork, which was terminated and defended by a small turret at each corner.

The prisoners were compelled by their guards to alight, and were conducted to an apartment where a hasty repast was offered them, of which none but Athelstane felt any inclination to partake. Neither had the descendant of the Confessor[1] much time to do justice to the good cheer placed before them, for their guards gave him and Cedric to understand that they were to be imprisoned in a chamber apart from Rowena. Resistance was vain; and they were compelled to follow to a large room, which, rising on clumsy Saxon pillars, resembled those refectories[2] and chapter-houses[3] which may be still seen in the most ancient parts of our most ancient monasteries.

The Lady Rowena was next separated from her train, and conducted, with courtesy, indeed, but still without consulting her inclination, to a distant apartment. The same alarming distinction was conferred on Rebecca, in spite of her father's entreaties, who offered even money, in this extremity of distress, that she might be permitted to abide with him. "Base unbeliever," answered one of his guards, "when thou hast seen thy lair, thou wilt not wish thy daughter to partake it." And, without further discussion, the old Jew was forcibly dragged off in a different direction from the other prisoners. The domestics, after being carefully searched and disarmed, were confined in another part of the castle.

The poor Jew was hastily thrown into a dungeon-vault of the castle, the floor of which was deep beneath the level of the ground, and very damp, being lower than even the moat itself. The only light was received through one or two loopholes far above the reach of the captive's hand. These apertures admitted, even at mid-day, only a dim and uncertain light, which was changed for utter darkness long before the rest of the castle had lost the blessing of day. Chains and shackles, which had been the portion of former captives, from whom active exertions to escape had been apprehended, hung rusted and empty on the walls of the prison, and in the rings of one of those sets of fetters there remained two mouldering bones, which seemed to have been once those of the human leg, as if the prisoner had been left, not only to perish there, but to be consumed to a skeleton.

At one end of this ghastly apartment was a large fire-grate, over the top of which were stretched some transverse[1] iron bars, half devoured with rust.

The Jew seated himself in a corner of his dungeon, and remained without altering his position for nearly three hours, at the expiry of which steps were heard on the dungeon stair. The bolts screamed as they were withdrawn—the hinges creaked as the wicket opened, and Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, followed by two Saracen slaves[2] of the Templar, entered the prison.

The black slaves were attired in jerkins[3] and trousers of coarse linen, their sleeves being tucked up above the elbow, like those of butchers when about to exercise their functions in the slaughter-house. Each had in his hand a small pannier;[4] and when they entered the dungeon, they stopped at the door until Front-de-Bœuf himself carefully locked and double-locked it.

The Saracens produced from their baskets a quantity of charcoal, a pair of bellows, and a flask of oil. While the one struck a light with a flint and steel,[1] the other disposed the charcoal in the large rusty grate which we have already mentioned, and exercised the bellows until the fuel came to a red glow.

"Seest thou, Isaac," said Front-de-Bœuf, "the range of iron bars above that glowing charcoal ?—on that warm couch thou shalt lie, stripped of thy clothes as if thou wert to rest on a bed of down. One of these slaves shall maintain the fire beneath thee, while the other shall anoint thy wretched limbs with oil, lest the roast should burn.—Now, choose betwixt such a scorching bed and the payment of a thousand pounds of silver ; for, by the head of my father, thou hast no other option."[2]

The Jew refused to pay so much as a silver penny. At a word from Front-de-Bœuf, the Saracens seized him ; and they were stripping him for the torture, when suddenly the sound of a bugle, twice winded without the castle, penetrated even to the recesses of the dungeon, and immediately after loud voices were heard calling for Sir Reginald Front-de-Bœuf. Unwilling to be found engaged in this fiendish occupation, the savage baron gave the slaves a signal to restore Isaac's garment, and, quitting the dungeon with his attendants, he left the Jew to thank God for his deliverance.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CHALLENGE: THE SIEGE BEGUN.

"Let us see the cause of this cursed clamour," said Front-de-Bœuf to the Templar and De Bracy, whom he met in the hall—"here is a letter, and if I mistake not, it is in Saxon."

"Give it me," said the Templar. "We have that of the priestly character,[1] that we have some knowledge to enlighten our valour."

"Let us profit by your most reverend knowledge, then," said De Bracy; "what says the scroll?"

"It is a formal letter of defiance," answered the Templar; "but, by our Lady of Bethlehem,[2] if it be not a foolish jest, it is the most extraordinary cartel[3] that ever was sent across the drawbridge of a baronial castle."

"Jest!" said Front-de-Bœuf; "I would gladly know who dares jest with me in such a matter!—Read it, Sir Brian."

The Templar accordingly read it, as follows:—

"I, Wamba, the son of Witless, jester to a noble and free-born man, Cedric of Rotherwood, called the Saxon—And I, Gurth, the son of Beowulph, the swineherd"——

"Thou art mad," said Front-de-Bœuf, interrupting the reader.

"By Saint Luke, it is so set down," answered the Templar. Then, resuming his task, he went on,—"I, Gurth, the son of Beowulph, swineherd unto the said Cedric, with the assistance of our allies and confederates, Do you, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, and your allies and accomplices whomsoever, to wit,[1] that whereas you have, without cause given or feud declared, wrongfully and by mastery seized upon the person of our lord and master the said Cedric; also upon the person of a noble and free-born damsel, the Lady Rowena; also upon the person of a noble and free-born man, Athelstane of Coningsburgh; also upon the persons of certain free-born men, their warders;[2] also upon certain serfs, their born bondsmen; also upon a certain Jew, named Isaac of York, together with his daughter, a Jewess, and certain horses and mules: Which noble persons, with their warders and slaves, and also with the horses and mules, Jew and Jewess beforesaid, were all in peace with his Majesty, and travelling as liege[3] subjects upon the king's highway; therefore we require and demand that the said noble persons, with their servants, warders, and followers, also the horses and mules, Jew and Jewess aforesaid, together with all goods and chattels to them pertaining, be, within an hour after the delivery hereof, delivered to us, or to those whom we shall appoint to receive the same, and that untouched and unharmed in body and goods. Failing of which, we do pronounce to you, that we hold ye as robbers and traitors, and will wager our bodies against ye in battle, siege, or otherwise, and do our utmost to your annoyance and destruction.—Signed by us upon the eve of Saint Withold's[4] day, under the great Trysting Oak[5] in the Harthill Walk, the above being written by a holy man, Clerk to God, Our Lady, and Saint Dunstan, in the chapel of Copmanhurst."

The Templar sat down and indited,[1] in the French language, an epistle of the following tenor :[2]—

"Sir Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, with his noble and knightly allies and confederates, receives no defiances at the hands of slaves, bondsmen, or fugitives. Touching the prisoners we have made, we do in Christian charity require you to send a man of religion,[3] to receive their confession, and reconcile them with God ; since it is our fixed intention to execute them this morning before noon, so that their heads being placed on the battlements, shall show to all men how lightly we esteem those who have bestirred themselves in their rescue. Wherefore, as above, we require you to send a priest to reconcile them to God, in doing which you shall render them the last earthly service."

This letter, being folded, was delivered to an attendant squire, and by him to the messenger who waited without, as the answer to that which he had brought.

The yeoman, having thus accomplished his mission, returned to the headquarters of the allies, which were for the present established under a venerable oak tree, about three arrow-flights distant from the castle. Here Wamba and Gurth, with their allies the Black Knight and Locksley, and the jovial hermit, awaited with impatience an answer to their summons. Around, and at a distance from them, were seen many a bold yeoman, whose sylvan dress[4] and weather-beaten countenances showed the ordinary nature of their occupation. More than two hundred had already assembled, and others were fast coming in. Those whom they obeyed as leaders were only distinguished from the others by a feather in the cap, their dress, arms, and equipments being in all other respects the same.

Besides these bands, a less orderly and a worse armed force, consisting of the Saxon inhabitants of the neighbouring township, as well as many bondsmen and servants from Cedric's extensive estate, had already arrived, for the purpose of assisting in his rescue.

It was to the leaders of this motley army that the letter of the Templar was now delivered. The Black Knight was the only one of them, who understood French, and, after reading it over to himself, he explained its meaning in Saxon to his confederates.

"I would," said the Black Knight, "there were some one among us who could obtain admission into the castle, and discover how the case stands with the besieged. Methinks, as they require a confessor to be sent, this holy hermit might at once exercise his pious vocation,[1] and procure us the information we desire."

"A plague on thee and thy advice!" said the good hermit; "I tell thee, Sir Slothful Knight, that when I doff my friar's frock, my priesthood, my sanctity, my very Latin, are put off along with it; and when in my green jerkin, I can better kill twenty deer than confess one Christian."

"I fear," said the Black Knight, "I fear greatly, there is no one here that is qualified to take upon him, for the nonce,[1] this same character of father confessor."

All looked on each other, and were silent.

"I see," said Wamba, after a short pause, "that the fool must still be the fool, and put his neck in the venture which wise men shrink from. You must know, my dear cousins and countrymen, that I wore russet[2] before I wore motley,[3] and was bred to be a friar, until a brain-fever came upon me and left me just wit enough to be a fool. I trust, with the assistance of the good hermit's frock, together with the priesthood, sanctity, and learning which are stitched into the cowl of it, I shall be found qualified to administer both worldly and ghostly[4] comfort to our worthy master Cedric, and his companions in adversity."[5]

"On with the frock, then, good fellow," quoth the knight, "and let thy master send us an account of their situation within the castle. Their numbers must be few, and it is five to one they may be accessible[6] by a sudden and bold attack. Time wears—away with thee."

Wamba, muffled in his religious disguise, imitated the solemn and stately deportment of a friar, and departed to execute his mission. He obtained admission into the Castle of Torquilstone, was conducted to the apartment where Cedric and Athelstane were confined, and, with difficulty, persuaded his master to effect an exchange of attire with him. Thus disguised, Cedric at length managed to regain his freedom, and to join the besiegers.

In a very brief while after, Front-de-Bœuf discovered, to his great rage, how the fool Wamba had outwitted him; and word was also brought to him that the enemies without were raising a bank against the walls of the castle.

"To the battlements!" cried De Bracy, on hearing this intelligence, "and let us mark what these knaves do without; and, so saying, he opened a latticed window which led to a projecting balcony, and immediately called from thence to those in the apartment—"Saint Dennis![1] the archers muster on the skirts of the wood like a dark cloud before a hailstorm."

Reginald Front-de-Bœuf also looked out upon the field, and immediately snatched his bugle; and, after winding a long and loud blast, commanded his men to their posts on the walls.

"De Bracy, look to the eastern side, where the walls are lowest.—Noble Bois-Guilbert, thy trade hath well taught thee how to attack and defend, look thou to the western side.—I myself will take post at the barbican. Yet, do not confine your exertions to any one spot, noble friends! We must this day be everywhere, and multiply ourselves were it possible, so as to carry by our presence succour and relief wherever the attack is hottest. Our numbers are few, but activity and courage may supply that defect, since we have only to do with rascal clowns."

"By the faith of mine Order," said the Templar, "these men approach with more touch of discipline than could have been judged, however they come by it. See ye how dexterously they avail themselves of every cover which a tree or bush affords, and shun exposing themselves to the shot of our crossbows ?[1] I spy neither banner nor pennon[2] among them, and yet will I gage[3] my golden chain, that they are led on by some noble knight or gentleman, skilful in the practice of wars."

"I espy him," said De Bracy; "I see the waving of a knight's crest, and the gleam of his armour. See yon tall man in the black mail, who is busied marshalling the farther troop of the yeomen.—By Saint Dennis, I hold him to be the same whom we called The Black Sluggard, who overthrew thee, Front-de-Bœuf, in the lists at Ashby."

"So much the better," said Front-de-Bœuf, "that he comes here to give me my revenge."

The demonstrations of the enemy's immediate approach cut off all further discourse. Each knight repaired to his post, and at the head of the few followers whom they were able to muster, and who were in numbers inadequate to defend the whole extent of the walls, they awaited with calm determination the threatened assault.

CHAPTER IX.

REBECCA AT THE WINDOW.

Rebecca the Jewess was meantime in attendance on the wounded Wilfred of Ivanhoe in one of the rooms in the loftier parts of the castle; for that sick friend whom Isaac and Rebecca had with them, when Cedric fell in with them, was none other than Cedric's son. At the entreaty of Rebecca, Isaac had had the young warrior transported from the lists at Ashby to the house which the Jews inhabited in the suburbs of that town; thence, conveying him in a litter, they were taking him to their house at York, when they put themselves under Cedric's protection. With the rest of the captured company, he had been brought to the castle of Torquilstone.

"If I could but drag myself," said Wilfred of Ivanhoe, hearing the sound of siege without, "to yonder window, that I might see how this brave game is like to go!—If I had but bow to shoot a shaft, or battle-axe to strike were it but a single blow for our deliverance!—It is in vain—it is in vain—I am alike nerveless[1] and weaponless!"

"Fret not thyself, noble knight," answered Rebecca, "the sounds have ceased of a sudden—it may be they join not battle."

"Thou knowest naught of it," said Wilfred impatiently; "this dead pause only shows that the men are at their posts on the walls, and expecting an instant attack; what we have heard was but the distant muttering of the storm—it will burst anon in all its fury.—Could I but reach yonder window!"

"Thou wilt but injure thyself by the attempt, noble knight," replied his attendant. Observing his extreme solicitude,[2] she firmly added, "I myself will stand at the lattice, and describe to you as I can what passes without."

"You must not—you shall not!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "each lattice, each aperture, will be soon a mark for the archers; some random shaft"——

"It shall be welcome!" murmured Rebecca, as with firm pace she ascended two or three steps, which led to the window of which they spoke.

"Rebecca, dear Rebecca!" exclaimed Ivanhoe, "this is no maiden's pastime—do not expose thyself to wounds and death, and render me for ever miserable for having given the occasion; at least, cover thyself with yonder ancient buckler, and show as little of your person at the lattice as may be."

Following with wonderful promptitude the directions of Ivanhoe, and availing herself of the protection of a large ancient shield, which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with tolerable security[1] to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm.

"The skirts of the wood," she said, "seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow."

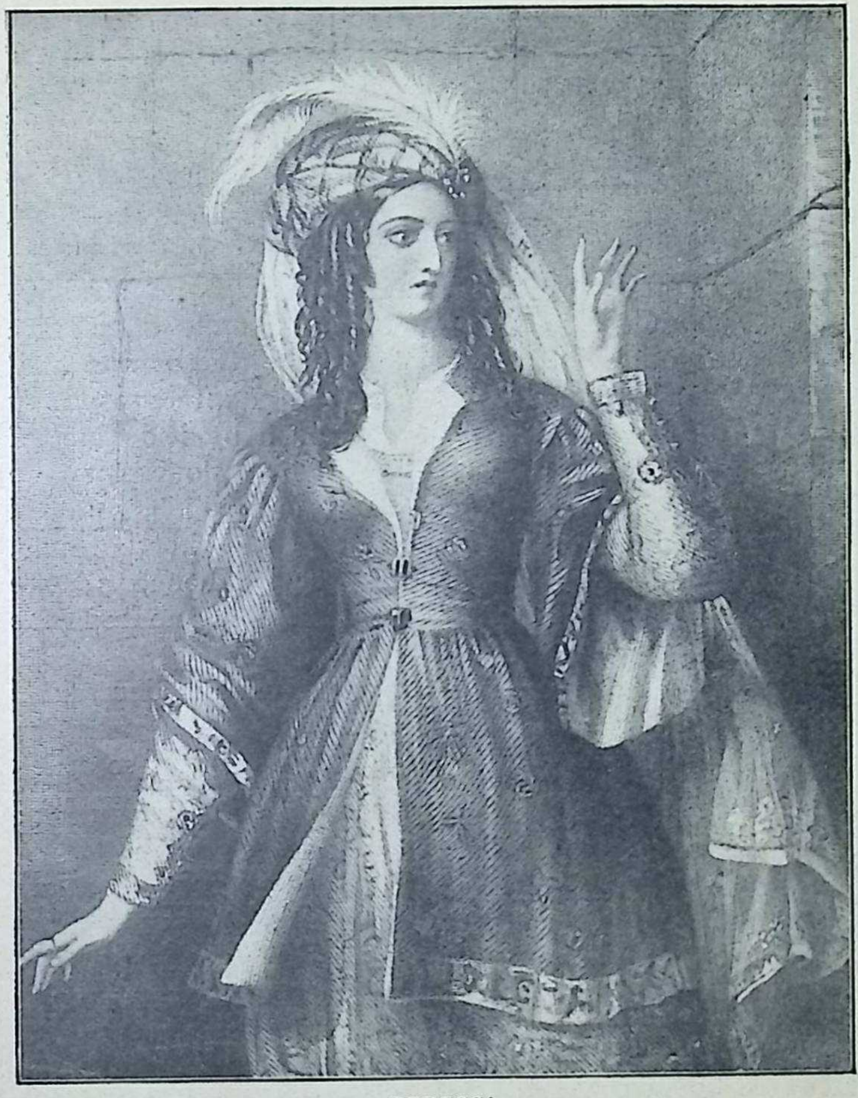
"Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe.

"Under no ensign of war which I can observe," answered Rebecca.

"A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed!—Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?"

"A knight, clad in sable armour, is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess; "he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"What device does he bear on his shield?" replied Ivanhoe.



REBECCA.

"Something resembling a bar of iron, and a padlock painted blue on the black shield."

"Seem there no other leaders?" exclaimed the anxious inquirer.

"None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station," said Rebecca; "but, doubtless, the other side of the castle is also assailed. They appear even now preparing to advance. Those who advance first bear huge shields, and defences made of plank; the others follow, bending their bows as they come on."

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements, which, mingled with the deep and hollow clang of the kettledrums, retorted in notes of defiance the challenge of the enemy. The shouts of both parties augmented the fearful din.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure,"[1] said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock,[2] fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench[1] from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca. "I see him now; he heads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican.[2]—They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes.—His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain.—They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back!—Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand, and man to man."

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe.

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife.—Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down!—he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for Our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen!"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness—"But no—but no!—the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed!—he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm—His sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow.—The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!"

"Front-de-Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Bœuf!" answered the Jewess; "his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar—they drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have—they have!" exclaimed Rebecca—"and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavour to ascend upon the shoulders of each other—down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault."

"Who yield?—who push their way?" said Ivanhoe.

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles.—The besieged have the better."

"Saint George strike for us!" exclaimed the knight; "do the false yeomen give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca, "they bear themselves right yeomanly—the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle.—Stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistledown or feathers!"

"By Saint John of Acre,"[1] said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"

"The postern-gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the outwork is won—they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat.—O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca, "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others.—Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

"What do they now, maiden?" said Ivanhoe; "look forth yet again—this is no time to faint at bloodshed."

"It is over for the time," answered Rebecca; "our friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which they have mastered; and it affords them so good a shelter from the foemen's shot, that the garrison only bestow a few bolts on it from interval to interval, as if rather to disquiet than effectually to injure them."

CHAPTER X.

TORQUILSTONE DESTROYED.

During the interval of quiet which followed the first success of the besiegers, while the one party was preparing to pursue their advantage, and the other to strengthen their means of defence, Front-de-Bœuf lay on his deathbed, having been mortally wounded by the Black Knight's axe.

The Black Knight employed the interval in causing to be constructed a sort of floating bridge, or long raft, by means of which he hoped to cross the moat in despite of the resistance of the enemy.

When the raft was completed, the Black Knight addressed the besiegers :—" It avails not waiting here longer, my friends ; the sun is descending to the west—and I have that upon my hands which will not permit me to tarry with you another day. Besides, it will be a marvel if the horsemen come not upon us from York,[1] unless we speedily accomplish our purpose. Wherefore, one of ye go to Locksley, and bid him commence a discharge of arrows on the opposite side of the castle, and move forward as if about to assault it ; and you, true English hearts, stand by me, and be ready to thrust the raft headlong over the moat whenever the postern on our side is thrown open. Follow me boldly across, and aid me to burst yon sallyport[2] in the main wall of the castle. As many of you as like not this service, or are but ill armed to meet it, do you man the top of the outwork, draw your bow-string to your ears, and mind you quell with your shot whatever shall appear to man the rampart."

The portal, which led from the inner wall of the barbican to the moat, and which corresponded with a sallyport in the main wall of the castle, was now suddenly opened ; the temporary bridge was then thrust forward, and soon flashed in the waters, extending its length between the castle and outwork, and forming a slippery and precarious[1] passage for two men abreast to cross the moat. Well aware of the importance of taking the foe by surprise, the Black Knight, closely followed by Cedric, threw himself upon the bridge, and reached the opposite side. Here he began to thunder with his axe upon the gate of the castle.

Presently the castle was seen all alight on the western side. It had been set on fire by a Saxon woman, who had for many years been captive in Torquilstone, and who, having suffered the most grievous wrong from Front-de-Bœuf, seized this opportunity of wreaking a fearful revenge upon him.

De Bracy hastily drew his men together, and rushed down to the postern-gate, which he caused instantly to be thrown open. But scarce was this done ere the portentous[2] strength of the Black Knight forced his way inward despite of De Bracy and his followers. Two of the foremost instantly fell, and the rest gave way notwithstanding all their leader's efforts to stop them.

"Dogs!" said De Bracy, "will ye let *two* men win our only pass for safety? The castle burns behind us, villains!—let despair give you courage, or let me forward, I will cope with this champion myself."

And well and chivalrous did De Bracy that day maintain the fame he had acquired in the civil wars of that dreadful period. The vaulted passages to which the postern gave entrance, and in which these two redoubted[1] champions were now fighting hand to hand, rung with the furious blows which they dealt each other, De Bracy with his sword, the Black Knight with his ponderous axe. At length the Norman received a blow, which, though its force was partly parried[2] by his shield, for otherwise never more would De Bracy have again moved limb, descended with yet such violence on his crest, that he measured his length on the paved floor.

"Yield ye, De Bracy," said the Black Champion.

"I will not yield," replied De Bracy faintly, "to an unknown conqueror. Tell me thy name, or work thy pleasure on me—it shall never be said that Maurice de Bracy was prisoner to a nameless churl."

The Black Knight whispered something into the ear of the vanquished.

"I yield me to be true prisoner, rescue or no rescue," answered the Norman, exchanging his tone of stern and determined obstinacy for one of deep though sullen submission.

"Go to the barbican," said the victor, in a tone of authority, "and there wait my further orders."

"Yet first, let me say," said De Bracy, "what it imports thee to know. Wilfred of Ivanhoe is wounded, and a prisoner, and will perish in the burning castle without present help."

"Wilfred of Ivanhoe!" exclaimed the Black Knight, —"prisoner, and perish!—The life of every man in the castle shall answer it, if a hair of his head be singed.—Show me his chamber!"

"Ascend yonder winding stair," said De Bracy; "it leads to his apartment.—Wilt thou accept my guidance?" he added, in a submissive tone.

"No. To the barbican, and there wait my orders. I trust thee not, De Bracy."

During this combat, and the brief conversation which ensued, Cedric, at the head of a body of men, among whom the friar was conspicuous, had pushed across the bridge, as soon as they saw the postern open, and drove back the dispirited and despairing followers of De Bracy, of whom some asked quarter, some offered vain resistance, and the greater part fled towards the court-yard. De Bracy himself arose from the ground, and cast a sorrowful glance after his conqueror. "He trusts me not," he repeated; "but have I deserved his trust?" He then lifted his sword from the floor, took off his helmet in token of submission, and, going to the barbican, gave up his sword to Locksley, whom he met by the way.

The Black Knight reached the apartment where Ivanhoe lay, bore him off with ease, rushed with him to the postern, and, having there delivered his burden to the care of two yeomen, he again entered the castle to assist in the rescue of the other prisoners.

One turret was now in bright flames, which flashed out furiously from window and shot-hole. But in other parts, the great thickness of the walls and the vaulted roofs of the apartments resisted the progress of the flames, and there the rage of man still triumphed, as the scarce more dreadful element held mastery elsewhere; for the besiegers pursued the defenders of the castle from chamber to chamber, and satiated[1] in their blood the vengeance which had long animated them against the soldiers of the tyrant Front-de-Bœuf. Most of the garrison resisted to the uttermost—few of them asked quarter—none received it.

Through this scene of confusion, Cedric rushed in quest of Rowena, while the faithful Gurth, following him closely through the *mêlée*,*[2] neglected his own safety while he strove to avert[3] the blows that were aimed at his master. The noble Saxon was so fortunate as to reach his ward's apartment just as she had abandoned all hopes of safety, and, with a crucifix clasped in agony to her bosom, sat in expectation of instant death. He committed her to the charge of Gurth, to be conducted in safety to the barbican, the road to which was now cleared of the enemy, and not yet interrupted by the flames.

The Templar, followed by his Saracen slaves, and some five or six men-at-arms, who had mounted their horses, contrived to escape by the drawbridge; and, ere he did so, he struck down Athelstane the Saxon, who assailed him at his outgoing. Rebecca, placed on horseback before one of the Saracens, was, very much against her own will, conveyed away in the midst of the Templar's party.

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* Pronounce mā-lā'—ā as in "may."

The towering flames had now surmounted every obstruction, and rose to the evening skies one huge and burning beacon, seen far and wide through the adjacent country. Tower after tower crashed down, with blazing roof and rafter; and the combatants were driven from the court-yard. The vanquished, of whom very few remained, scattered and escaped into the neighbouring wood. The victors, assembling in large bands, gazed with wonder, not unmixed with fear, upon the flames, in which their own ranks and arms glanced dusky red. At length, with a terrific crash, the whole turret gave way, on which had for a long time been visible that Saxon captive who had raised the conflagration; and she perished in the flames which had consumed her tyrant. An awful pause of horror silenced each murmur of the armed spectators, who for the space of several minutes stirred not a finger, save to sign the cross. The voice of Locksley was then heard, "Shout, yeomen! —the den of tyrants is no more!"

CHAPTER XI.

IVANHOE FORGIVEN.

Rebecca the Jewess was taken by Brian de Bois-Guilbert, when he escaped from Torquilstone, to the Preceptory[1] of the Templars at Templestowe,[2] which was but a day's journey from the demolished castle. There her presence was discovered by the Grand Master[3] of the Order, who had lately come to that place. He caused her to be brought to trial on a charge of sorcery, as having cast a spell over Bois-Guilbert. She stoutly maintained her innocence, and claimed the privilege of trial by combat.

"And who, Rebecca," replied the Grand Master, "will lay lance in rest for a sorceress? who will be the champion of a Jewess?"

"God will raise me up a champion," said Rebecca—"it cannot be that in merry England—the hospitable, the generous, the free, where so many are ready to peril their lives for honour, there will not be found one to fight for justice. But it is enough that I challenge the trial by combat—there lies my gage."[1]

She took her embroidered glove from her hand, and flung it down before the Grand Master with an air of mingled simplicity and dignity, which excited universal surprise and admiration.

It was appointed that, if Rebecca could find a champion, the trial by combat should be fought out, on the third day thence, in the lists[2] of Templestowe, Brian de Bois-Guilbert being to sustain the accusation of sorcery. By a Saxon peasant of that neighbourhood—one who had formerly worked for Isaac of York, and whom Rebecca had then cured of a sore disease—she sent a message to her father, informing him of her desperate plight, and begging him to seek out Wilfred of Ivanhoe, who, though himself as yet unable to endure the weight of his armour, might perchance find some one to do battle for her sake.

Gurth and Wamba had conveyed the wounded Ivanhoe from the Castle of Torquilstone to the neighbouring Priory of Saint Botolph. There the Black Knight came to him, and promised that he would meet Ivanhoe, at Coningsburgh, the castle of Athelstane, and there make it his task to reconcile Ivanhoe to his father.

Then the Black Knight set forth on his journey through the adjacent forest-country, with Wamba for his guide. Shortly after matin-song,[1] Ivanhoe also departed, mounted on the prior's palfrey; and with him went Gurth, as his squire. He fell in with the Black Knight in the forest, and together they proceeded to Coningsburgh, where they found that the obsequies[2] of Athelstane were being celebrated.

Through the miscellaneous assemblage of guests in the castle-yard, the steward, clad in sable dress, and holding in his hand his white wand of office, made way for the two knights, conducting them to the entrance of the tower. They were ushered into the apartment where sat Cedric with about a dozen of the most distinguished representatives of the Saxon families in the adjacent counties.

Cedric conducted the new-comers into a small room, destined, as he informed them, for the exclusive accommodation of honourable guests, whose more slight connection with the deceased might render them unwilling to join those who were immediately affected by the unhappy event. He assured them of every accommodation, and was about to withdraw, when the Black Knight took his hand.

"I crave to remind you, noble thane," he said, "that when we last parted, you promised, for the service I had the fortune to render you, to grant me a boon."

"It is granted ere named, noble knight," said Cedric; "yet, at this sad moment"——

"Of that also," said the Black Knight, "I have bethought me—but my time is brief—neither does it seem to me unfit that, when closing the grave on the noble Athelstane, we should deposit therein certain prejudices and hasty opinions."

"Sir Knight of the Fetterlock," said Cedric, colouring, "I trust your boon regards yourself and no other; for in that which concerns the honour of my house it is scarce fitting that a stranger should mingle."

"Nor do I wish to mingle," said the other, mildly, "unless in so far as you will admit me to have an interest. As yet you have known me but as the Black Knight of the Fetterlock—Know me now as Richard Plantagenet."

"Richard of Anjou!"[*][1] exclaimed Cedric, stepping backward with the utmost astonishment.

"No, noble Cedric—Richard of England!—whose deepest interest—whose deepest wish, is to see her sons united with each other.—And how now, worthy thane! hast thou no knee for thy prince?"

"To Norman blood," said Cedric, "it hath never bended."

"Reserve thine homage, then," said the monarch, "until I shall prove my right to it by my equal protection of Normans and English."

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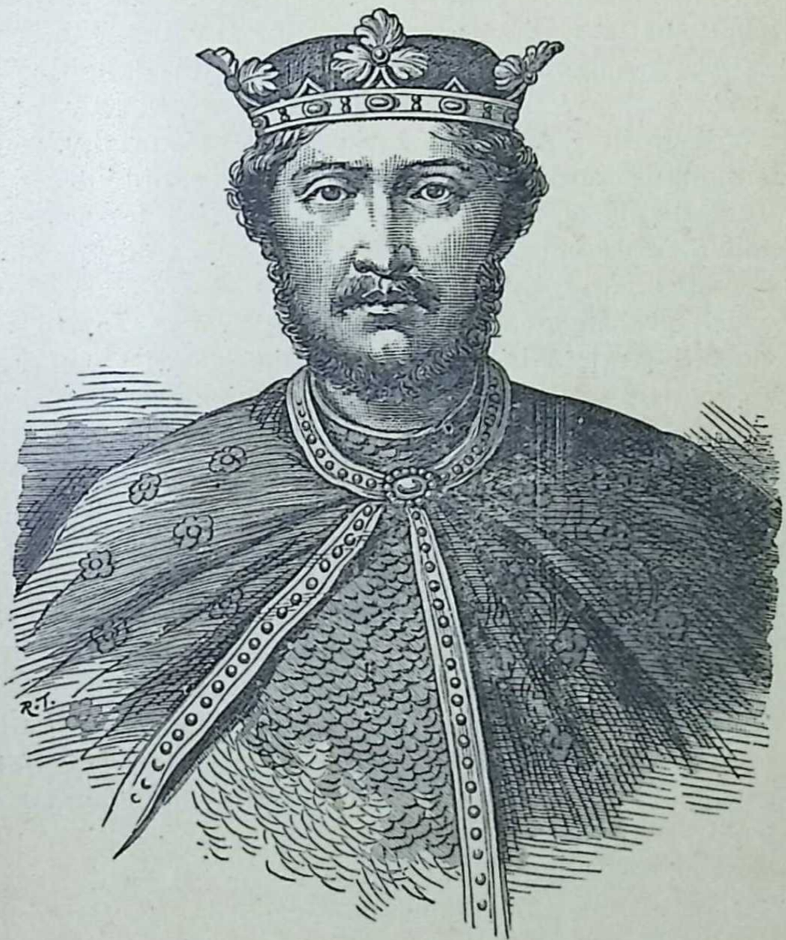
[*] Pronounce *äṅ-zhoo'*—*ä* as in "father"; *ṅ* as *ng* in "sing"; *oo* as in "moon."



KING RICHARD I.

"Prince," answered Cedric, "I have ever done justice to thy bravery and thy worth—Nor am I ignorant of thy claim to the crown through thy descent from Matilda,[1] niece to Edgar Atheling,*[2] and daughter to Malcolm of Scotland. But Matilda, though of the royal Saxon blood, was not the heir to the monarchy."

"I will not dispute my title with thee, noble thane," said Richard calmly; "but I will bid thee look around thee, and see where thou wilt find another to be put into the scale against it."

"And hast thou wandered hither, prince, to tell me so?" said Cedric—"To upbraid me with the ruin of my race ere the grave has closed o'er the last scion[3] of Saxon royalty?"—His countenance darkened as he spoke. "It was boldly—it was rashly done!"

"Not so, by the holy rood!"[4] replied the king; "it was done in the frank confidence which one brave man may repose in another, without a shadow of danger."

"Thou sayest well, Sir King—for King I own thou art, and wilt be, despite of my feeble opposition."

"And now to my boon," said the king, "which I ask not with one jot the less confidence, that thou hast refused to acknowledge my lawful sovereignty. I require of thee, as a man of thy word, on pain of being held faithless, to forgive and receive to thy paternal affection the good knight, Wilfred of Ivanhoe. In this reconciliation thou wilt own I have an interest—the happiness of my friend, and the quelling of dissension among my faithful people."

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* Pronounce *ath'-el-ing*—*th* as in "thin."

"And this is Wilfred!" said Cedric, pointing to his son.

"My father!—my father!" said Ivanhoe, prostrating himself at Cedric's feet, "grant me thy forgiveness!"

"Thou hast it, my son," said Cedric, raising him up. "The son of Hereward*[1] knows how to keep his word, even when it has been passed to a Norman. But let me see thee use the dress and costume of thy English ancestry—no short cloaks,[2] no gay bonnets, no fantastic plumage in my decent household. He that would be the son of Cedric must show himself of English ancestry.—Thou art about to speak," he added sternly, "and I guess the topic. The Lady Rowena must complete two years' mourning, as for a betrothed husband—all our Saxon ancestors would disown us, were we to treat of a new union for her ere the grave of him she should have wedded—him, so much the most worthy of her hand by birth and ancestry—is yet closed."

It seemed as if Cedric's words had raised a spectre; for scarce had he uttered them ere the door flew open, and Athelstane, arrayed in the garments of the grave, stood before them, pale, haggard, and like something arisen from the dead!

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* Pronounce *her'-e-ward*—*a* as in "sofa."

CHAPTER XII.

THE APPARITION OF ATHELSTANE.

The effect of the apparition[1] of Athelstane on the persons present was utterly appalling. Cedric started back as far as the wall of the apartment would permit, and, leaning against it as one unable to support himself, gazed on the figure of his friend with eyes that seemed fixed, and a mouth which he appeared incapable of shutting. Ivanhoe crossed himself, repeating prayers in Saxon, Latin, or Norman-French, as they occurred to his memory.

"In the name of God!" said Cedric, addressing what seemed the spectre of his departed friend, "if thou art mortal, speak!—if a departed spirit, say for what cause thou dost revisit us, or if I can do aught that can set thy spirit at repose! Living or dead, noble Athelstane, speak to Cedric!"

"I will," said the spectre very composedly, "when I have collected breath, and when you give me time. —Alive, saidst thou?—I am as much alive as he can be who has fed on bread and water for three days, which seem three ages. Yes, bread and water, father Cedric! By heaven, and all saints in it, better food hath not passed my weasand[2] for three livelong days, and by God's providence it is that I am now here to tell it."

"Why, noble Athelstane," said the Black Knight, "I myself saw you struck down by the fierce Templar towards the end of the storm at Torquilstone, and as I thought, and Wamba reported, your skull was cloven through the teeth."

"You thought amiss, Sir Knight," said Athelstane, "and Wamba lied. My teeth are in good order, and that my supper shall presently find.—No thanks to the Templar, though, whose sword turned in his hand, so that the blade struck me flatlings,[1] being averted by the handle of the good mace with which I warded the blow; had my steel cap been on, I had not valued it a rush, and had dealt him such a counter-buff[2] as would have spoilt his retreat. But as it was, down I went, stunned, indeed, but unwounded. Others, of both sides, were beaten down and slaughtered above me, so that I never recovered my senses until I found myself in a coffin—(an open one, by good luck)—placed before the altar of the Church of Saint Edmund's.

"I sneezed repeatedly—groaned—awakened, and would have arisen, when the sacristan[3] and abbot, full of terror, came running at the noise. I asked for wine—they gave me some, but it must have been highly medicated,[4] for I slept yet more deeply than before, and wakened not for many hours. I found my arms swathed down—my feet tied so fast that mine ankles ache at the very remembrance. I had strange thoughts of what had befallen me, when the door of my dungeon creaked, and two villain monks entered. A barley-loaf and a pitcher of water—that *they* gave me, the niggardly traitors, whom my father, and I myself, had enriched, when their best resources were the flitches of bacon and measures of corn out of which they wheedled poor serfs and bondsmen, in exchange for their prayers.

"I should have been there still, had not some stir in the convent, which I find was their procession hitherward to eat my funeral feast, when they well knew how and where I had been buried alive, summoned the swarm out of their hive. I heard them droning out their death-psalms, little judging they were sung in respect for my soul by those who were thus famishing my body.

"They went, however, and I waited long for food —no wonder—the gouty sacristan was even too busy with his own provender[1] to mind mine. At length, down he came, with an unstable step and a strong flavour of wine and spices about his person. Good cheer had opened his heart, for he left me a nook of pasty and a flask of wine instead of my former fare. I ate, drank, and was invigorated; when, to add to my good luck, the sacristan locked the door beside the staple, so that it fell ajar. The light, the food, the wine, set my invention to work. The staple to which my chains were fixed was more rusted than I or the villain abbot had supposed. Even iron could not remain without consuming in the damps of that infernal dungeon.

"Finding myself freed from the staple, I dragged myself up-stairs as well as a man loaded with shackles, and emaciated[2] with fasting, might; and, after much groping about, I was at length directed, by the sound of a jolly roundelay, to the apartment where the worthy sacristan, an[3] it so please ye, was making merry with a huge brother of the grey frock and cowl.[4] I burst in upon them. Both stood aghast; but when I knocked down the sacristan with my fist, the other fellow fetched a blow at me with a huge quarter-staff.

"Fortunately he missed the aim; and on my approaching to grapple with him, took to his heels and ran for it. I failed not to set my own heels at liberty by means of the fetter-key, which hung amongst others at the sexton's belt; with a brace of hearty kicks, I left him on the floor, went to the stable, and found in a private stall my own best palfrey, which, doubtless, had been set apart for the holy Father Abbot's particular use. Hither I came with all the speed the beast could compass—man and mother's son flying before me wherever I came, taking me for a spectre, the more especially as, to prevent my being recognized, I drew the corpse-hood over my face. I had not gained admittance into my own castle, had I not been supposed to be the attendant of a juggler who is making the people in the castle-yard very merry. I did but disclose myself to my mother, and eat a hasty morsel, ere I came in quest of you, my noble friend."

Whilst Athelstane conversed with Cedric, Ivanhoe mysteriously vanished. It was at length discovered that a Jew had been to seek him; and that, after very brief conference, he had called for Gurth and his armour, and had left the castle.

King Richard was gone also, and no one knew whither. At length it was learned that he had hastened to the court-yard, summoned to his presence the Jew who had spoken with Ivanhoe, and, after a moment's speech with him, had called vehemently to horse, thrown himself upon a steed, compelled the Jew to mount another, and set off at a rate which, according to Wamba, rendered the old Jew's neck not worth a penny's purchase.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DELIVERANCE OF REBECCA.

The tilt-yard[1] of the Preceptory of Templestowe was formed on a piece of level ground adjoining to the Preceptory, which had been levelled with care, for the exercise of military and chivalrous sports. It occupied the brow of a soft and gentle eminence, was carefully palisaded around, and, as the Templars willingly invited spectators to be witnesses of their skill in feats of chivalry, was amply supplied with galleries and benches for their use.

On the present occasion a throne was erected for the Grand Master at the east end, surrounded with seats of distinction for the Preceptors and Knights of the Order.

At the opposite end of the list was a pile of faggots, so arranged around a stake, deeply fixed in the ground, as to leave a space for the victim whom they were destined to consume to enter within the fatal circle, in order to be chained to the stake by the fetters which hung ready for the purpose.

At length the drawbridge fell, the gates opened, and a knight, bearing the great standard of the Order, sallied from the castle, preceded by six trumpets, and followed by the Knights Preceptors, two and two, the Grand Master coming last, mounted on a stately horse, whose furniture[1] was of the simplest kind. Behind him came Brian de Bois-Guilbert, armed *cap-à-pie**[2] in bright armour, but without his lance, shield, and sword, which were borne by his two esquires behind him. His face, though partly hidden by a long plume which floated down from his barret-cap,[3] bore a strong and mingled expression of passion, in which pride seemed to contend with irresolution. He looked ghastly pale, as if he had not slept for several nights, yet reined his pawing war-horse with the habitual ease and grace proper to the best lance of the Order of the Temple. His general appearance was grand and commanding; but, looking at him with attention, men read that in his dark features from which they willingly withdrew their eyes.

Behind followed other Companions of the Temple, with a long train of esquires and pages clad in black, aspirants to the honour of being one day Knights of the Order. After these neophytes[4] came a guard of warders on foot, in the same sable livery, amidst whose partisans[5] might be seen the pale form of the accused, moving with a slow but undismayed step towards the scene of her fate.

The unfortunate Rebecca was conducted to the black chair placed near the pile. On her first glance at the terrible spot where preparations were making for a death alike dismaying to the mind and painful to the body, she was observed to shudder and shut her eyes, praying internally, doubtless, for her lips moved, though no speech was heard.

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* Pronounce *kap-ȧ pē'—ȧ* as in "sofa"; ē as in me."

The trumpets flourished, and a herald, stepping forward, proclaimed aloud, "Here standeth the good knight, Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, ready to do battle with any knight of free blood, who will sustain the quarrel allowed and allotted to the Jewess Rebecca, to try by champion; and to such champion the reverend and valorous Grand Master here present allows a fair field; and equal partition of sun and wind, and whatever else appertains to a fair combat."

The judges were two hours in the lists, awaiting in vain the appearance of a champion.

Then a knight, urging his horse to speed, appeared on the plain advancing towards the lists. A hundred voices exclaimed, "A champion! a champion!" And, despite the prejudices of the multitude, they shouted unanimously[1] as the knight rode into the tilt-yard. The second glance, however, served to destroy the hope that his timely arrival had excited. His horse, urged for many miles to its utmost speed, appeared to reel from fatigue, and the rider, however undauntedly he presented himself in the lists, either from weakness, weariness, or both, seemed scarce able to support himself in the saddle.

To the summons of the herald who demanded his rank, his name, and purpose, the stranger knight answered readily and boldly, "I am a good knight and noble, come hither to sustain with lance and sword the just and lawful quarrel of this damsel, Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York; to uphold the doom pronounced against her to be false and truthless, and to defy Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, as a traitor, murderer, and liar. I am Wilfred of Ivanhoe."

"I will not fight with thee at present," said the Templar, in a changed and hollow voice. "Get thy wounds healed, purvey thee[1] a better horse, and it may be I will hold it worth my while to scourge out of thee this boyish spirit of bravade."[2]

"Ha, proud Templar!" said Ivanhoe; "hast thou forgotten that twice didst thou fall before this lance? Remember the lists at Acre—remember the passage of arms at Ashby—remember thy proud vaunt in the halls of Rotherwood, and the gage of thy gold chain against my reliquary, that thou wouldst do battle with Wilfred of Ivanhoe, and recover the honour thou hadst lost! By that reliquary, and the holy relic it contains, I will proclaim thee, Templar, a coward in every court in Europe, unless thou do battle without further delay."

Bois-Guilbert turned his countenance irresolutely towards Rebecca, and then exclaimed, looking fiercely at Ivanhoe, "Dog of a Saxon! take thy lance, and prepare for the death thou hast drawn upon thee!"

Ivanhoe was already at his post, and had closed his visor and assumed his lance. Bois-Guilbert did the same; and his esquire remarked, as he clasped his visor, that his face, which had, notwithstanding the variety of emotions by which he had been agitated, continued during the whole morning of an ashy paleness, was now become suddenly very much flushed.

The trumpets sounded, and the knights charged each other in full career. The wearied horse of Ivanhoe, and its no less exhausted rider, went down, as all had expected, before the well-aimed lance and vigorous steed of the Templar. This issue of the combat all had foreseen; but although the spear of Ivanhoe did but, in comparison, touch the shield of Bois-Guilbert, that champion, to the astonishment of all who beheld it, reeled in his saddle, lost his stirrups, and fell in the lists.

Ivanhoe, extricating himself from his fallen horse, was soon on foot, hastening to mend his fortune with his sword; but his antagonist arose not. Wilfred, placing his foot on his breast, and the sword's point to his throat, commanded him to yield him, or die on the spot. Bois-Guilbert returned no answer.

"Slay him not, Sir Knight," said the Grand Master, "unshriven[1] and unabsolved[2]—kill not body and soul! We allow him vanquished."

He descended into the lists, and commanded them to unhelm the conquered champion. His eyes were closed—the dark red flush was still on his brow. As they looked on him in astonishment, the eyes opened —but they were fixed and glazed. The flush passed from his brow, and gave way to the pallid hue of death. Unscathed by the lance of his enemy, he had died a victim to the violence of his own contending passions.

"This is indeed the judgement of God," said the Grand Master, looking upwards.

When the first moments of surprise were over, Wilfred of Ivanhoe demanded of the Grand Master, as judge of the field, if he had manfully and rightfully done his duty in the combat.

"Manfully and rightfully hath it been done," said the Grand Master; "I pronounce the maiden free and guiltless."

CHAPTER XIV.

REBECCA'S FAREWELL.

A brief while after the judicial combat, Wilfred of Ivanhoe was wedded to Rowena in York Minster. Upon the second morning after the bridal, Rebecca came to the Lady Rowena's abode, and desired a private audience with the bride. She was, she said, on the eve of departure from England. As some token of her gratitude to Wilfred, the Jewess begged Rowena's acceptance of a small silver-chased[1] casket. Rowena opened it, and perceived a necklace, with ear-jewels of diamonds, which were obviously of immense value.

"It is impossible," she said, tendering back the casket. "I dare not accept a gift of such consequence."

"Yet keep it, lady," returned Rebecca.—"You have power, rank, command, influence; we have wealth, the source both of our strength and weakness; the value of these toys, ten times multiplied, would not influence half so much as your slightest wish. To you, therefore, the gift is of little value—and to me, what I part with is of much less. Let me not think you deem so wretchedly ill of my nation as your commons[2] believe. Think ye that I prize these sparkling fragments of stone above my liberty? Accept them, lady—to me they are valueless. I will never wear jewels more."

"You are then unhappy!" said Rowena, struck with the manner in which Rebecca uttered the last words. "Oh, remain with us—the counsel of holy men will wean you from your erring law,[1] and I will be a sister to you."

"No, lady," answered Rebecca, the same calm melancholy reigning in her soft voice and beautiful features—"that may not be. I may not change the faith of my fathers like a garment unsuited to the climate in which I seek to dwell, and unhappy, lady, I will not be. He, to whom I dedicate my future life, will be my comforter, if I do His will."

"Have you then convents, to one of which you mean to retire?" asked Rowena.

"No, lady," said the Jewess; "but among our people, since the time of Abraham downwards, have been women who have devoted their thoughts to heaven, and their actions to works of kindness to men, tending the sick, feeding the hungry, and relieving the distressed. Among these will Rebecca be numbered. Say this to thy lord, should he chance to inquire after the fate of her whose life he saved."

There was an involuntary tremor in Rebecca's voice. She hastened to bid Rowena adieu.

"Farewell," she said; "may He who made both Jew and Christian shower down on you His choicest blessings! The bark that wafts us hence will be under way[2] ere we can reach the port."

NOTES AND MEANINGS.

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5. 1. **River Don,** a river of the West Riding of Yorkshire, flowing past Sheffield, Rotherham, and Doncaster to the Ouse at Goole.

2. **Long captivity.** Returning from the Third Crusade toward the close of 1192, King Richard I. was taken prisoner by Duke Leopold of Austria in December; in March, 1193, he was passed over to the Emperor Henry. A heavy ransom was paid for his release, and he was back in England in March, 1194.

3. **Copsewood,** a growth of small trees that are cut for fuel, etc., from time to time.

4. **Vistas,** views or prospects, as through avenues of trees.

6. 1. **Primeval,** belonging to very ancient times; of rude simplicity.

2. **Thrall,** slave.

8. 1. **Oberon,** king of the fairies.

2. **Murrain,** a plague (properly, of cattle).

3. **Play the rational,** act like a sensible person.

4. **Quarter-staff,** a long staff so called because grasped at a *quarter* of its length from the end (and also at the middle).

5. **Ecclesiastic,** priest.

6. **Brawn,** muscle (especially of the arm).

9. 1. **Templar,** one of a military and religious order, the Knights Templars, founded at Jerusalem about 1118, for the special purpose of protecting pilgrims to the holy places in Palestine. They were called Templars, because they were originally quartered in the palace at Jerusalem which was known as "Solomon's Temple." As a matter of fact, the Knights wore a *white* linen mantle, with an eight-pointed *red* cross on the *left* shoulder.

2. **Cavalcade,** procession of horsemen.

3. **Volatile,** flighty and changeable.

4. **Prior of Jorvaulx Abbey,** the monk at the head of the abbey. **Jorvaulx** (or, more usually, **Jervaulx**) Abbey was situated in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and was founded in the 12th century as a Cistercian monastery. (The Cistercians were a famous branch of the order of St. Benedict, founded at *Citeaux* [Latin *Cistercium*], eastern France.)

9. 5. **A cubit's length,** eighteen inches. Originally the measurement from the elbow to the end of the middle finger.

10. 1. **Palmer,** one who has been on a pilgrimage to the holy places of Palestine, and comes back with a palm-branch in token of having done so.

2. **Wound,** blew.

3. **Transversely,** crosswise.

4. **Thane,** originally (among Anglo-Saxons and Danes) a free attendant on a lord; later, the term denoted one who owned five hides of land (a hide varied from 80 to 120 acres), and owed military service to a superior. Here equivalent to a "middle-class landowner."

11. 1. **Alderman,** (in Anglo-Saxon times) the governor of a shire; (in modern times) one of the superior members of a city or town council.

2. **Clamorous,** noisy.

3. **Knaves,** servants—not (as now) rogues.

4. **Ashby-de-la-Zouche,** a town sixteen miles north-west of Leicester.

5. **Major-domo,** one who has the general management of a large household and the superintendence of the servants.

12. 1. **Weeds,** garments.

2. **Hussar,** a light cavalryman. In many European hussar regiments (though not now in the British army) a cloak-like jacket is part of the uniform, with the sleeves hanging loose.

3. **Settle,** a long, high-backed bench, to seat two or more persons.

13. 1. **A mute gesture of salutation,** a move-

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ment, as a bend of the head and body, in acknowledgement of their courteous greeting.

14. 1. **Exquisitely,** to an extraordinary degree of beauty.

2. **To kindle as well as melt,** to glow with high spirit and passion, as well as soften in expression under the influence of the tenderer feelings.

3. **Mortal foe,** deadly enemy.

4. **Perish by the elements,** die by exposure to rough weather.

15. 1. **The Holy Sepulchre,** the tomb in which the body of Christ lay between crucifixion and resurrection.

2. **Stiff-necked,** very stubborn and obstinate in resistance to authority.

16. 1. **Decaying brands,** pieces of wood burning low.

2. **Seethed,** boiled; cooked in some hot liquid.

3. **Can the palm be assigned,** can the place of chief distinction be allotted.

4. **Knights Hospitallers,** a military and religious order (the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem) originating in a non-military religious order attached to the Hospital of St. John the Baptist at Jerusalem. This hospital was founded about 1048 for the care of poor and sick pilgrims.

5. **Asseveration,** a statement or declaration made in a very decided tone, and as if the speaker were very much in earnest.

17. 1. **English chivalry,** knights of England.

2. **St. John-de-Acre, or Acre,** a very ancient port and stronghold on the Palestine coast, often called "the key to Palestine."

3. **The tyrant Duke William,** William the Conqueror.

4. **Sir Thomas Multon of Gilsland,** a famous baron and warrior of Richard the Lion-heart's time. He was Baron of Gilsland (in Cumberland).

18. 1. **Hengist,** a chief of the Jutes, who, along with his brother Horsa, founded the kingdom of Kent in the latter half of the fifth century.

19. 1. **Reliquary,** a small casket for holding a relic.

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19. 2. **Mount Carmel,** a mountain-ridge in north-western Palestine, which terminates in a bold headland on the Mediterranean coast, nine miles S.W. of Acre. Here, nearly five hundred feet above the sea, is the monastery of the Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

20. 1. **Tenacious,** holding with a tight grip.

2. **Bodily apprehension,** fear for one's personal safety.

21. 1. **His whole faculties,** all his powers of body and mind.

2. **Postern gate,** one situated at the back of a building.

22. 1. **Anon,** in a little while.

2. **Buckram,** (in the Middle Ages) a fine linen or cotton fabric; (in modern usage) a coarse linen cloth, stiffened with size, paste, or glue.

3. **Devious,** roundabout and out of the way.

4. **Ambuscade,** a place where enemies lie hidden and wait to make a surprise-attack.

23. 1. **Good offices,** acts of help and kindness.

2. **Gyves,** fetters, especially for the legs.

3. **Stands in thy danger.** "To stand in one's danger" is an old phrase meaning "to be in a person's power," and was applied especially to the hold which a creditor had over a debtor.

24. 1. **Milan harnesses,** suits of armour, for the making of which the city of Milan, in northern Italy, was famous.

25. 1. **Rod of Moses,** at the stretching forth of which the Red Sea was divided, and with which also other wonders were wrought, as told in the Book of Exodus.

2. **Confluence,** (literally) a flowing together; a crowd, a large gathering of persons.

27. 1. **Lord High Steward,** an officer of state now appointed only to preside in the House of Lords at the trial of a peer, or to bear the crown at a coronation, but formerly exercising high powers as minister and judge.

28. 1. **Blazoned,** displayed in ornamental characters.

2. **Coningsburgh,** (now called Conis-

brough) a place five miles south-west of Doncaster. Its castle, founded before 1000, was once an important stronghold.

28. 3. **Equipage,** train of followers.

29. 1. **Palfrey,** a horse for the road, or for state occasions, as distinguished from a war-horse. The word most often denotes a small saddle-horse for a lady.

2. **Caracoled,** made half-turns to right and left.

3. **Concourse,** gathering.

32. 1. **Visors.** A visor is the front piece of a helmet, with openings for breathing and seeing through.

33. 1. **Marshals,** officers who had general control of the tournament.

34. 1. **General acclamation,** shouts of approval and admiration from all the people round.

35. 1. **To joust** (pronounced *joost*), to take part in a tournament.

36. 1. **Doffed,** took off.

2. **Ardour,** eagerness; high spirit and excitement.

37. 1. **Tale,** number.

2. **Rests,** supports which were necessary because of the length and weight of a knight's lance (often sixteen feet long).

38. 1. **Antagonists,** opponents.

2. **Predicament,** situation or condition, especially one which involves disadvantage or discomfort.

3. **Extricate,** get (themselves) out of.

4. **Spurred by mutual animosity,** each one excited by the hatred and enmity which he had for the other.

40. 1. **Apathy,** indifference of feeling; lack of interest.

2. **Hard bestead,** hard pressed by enemies and in a situation of peril.

3. **Sable,** black (in allusion to his armour and horse).

41. 1. **Warder,** a staff carried by a king, prince, or general.

42. 1. **Casque,** helmet.

2. **Gorget,** armour defending the throat.

3. **Chaplet,** a wreath for the head, in token of victory or other great achievement.

4. **Meed,** reward.

43. 1. **Prostrate,** stretched on the ground.

2. **A general consternation.** Every one was very greatly astonished and dismayed.

44. 1. **Vicinity,** neighbourhood.

2. **Plat,** a small stretch of ground.

45. 1. **Baton,** staff.

2. **Trivet,** a three-legged stand.

46. 1. **Mastication,** the act of chewing.

2. **Copmanhurst,** a place in South Nottinghamshire, in the midst of Sherwood Forest. In the phrase "Clerk of Copmanhurst," *Clerk* is used in its original sense of *clergyman*.

3. **I stand not,** I do not insist.

47. 1. **Poniard,** a small dagger.

2. **The ice of ceremony being once broken,** all stiffness of form and manner being now dropped.

48. 1. **Was anticipated in this good office.** Somebody else did this act of kindness before Oswald was able to perform it.

49. 1. **Mercenaries,** hired soldiers, such as are willing to serve any master, and to commit any act, however dishonourable, so long as they are paid well enough.

50. 1. **Robin Hood,** an outlaw who, at the close of the twelfth century, is said to have haunted Sherwood Forest with his band, and plundered the rich, whilst he showed considerable kindness and generosity to the poor and distressed. He is said to have been born at Locksley in Nottinghamshire about 1160. But it is quite likely enough that he had never any existence outside of the many Old English ballads which are the sole source of our information about him. The Clerk of Copmanhurst is the Friar Tuck of the ballads.

2. **Feud,** quarrelling and strife.

3. **Barbican,** an outer fortification, defensive of the approach to a castle.

51. 1. **The Confessor,** Edward, King of England from 1042 to 1066. A confessor is a priest who hears confessions. The name was given to King Edward. because of his religious devotion and priestly character.

2. **Refectories,** dining-halls.

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51. 3. **Chapter-houses,** rooms in which the monks regularly met for conference.

52. 1. **Transverse,** extending across.

2. **Saracen slaves.** The Saracens were originally an Arab tribe: then the name signified an Arab follower of Mohammed; and in the Middle Ages it meant Mohammedans in general, especially such as opposed the Crusaders.

3. **Jerkins,** jackets.

4. **Pannier,** basket.

53. 1. **Flint and steel.** The old method of obtaining a light was to strike a flint with a piece of steel. The spark thus produced was used to kindle a very inflammable stuff (such as charred linen) called "tinder." Lucifer matches were not invented till 1825 (by John Walker, a chemist of Stockton-on-Tees).

2. **Option,** choice.

54. 1. **Priestly character.** Very few persons in those days were able to read and write, except priests and monks.

2. **Our Lady of Bethlehem,** Mary, the Mother of the Lord.

3. **Cartel,** a letter of defiance.

55. 1. **Do you . . . to wit,** cause you to know; inform you.

2. **Warders.** These were the Saxon *cnichts* (an older form of the word *knights*). They were military attendants, ranking higher than the ordinary household man-servant.

3. **Liege,** loyal and law-abiding.

4. **Saint Withold's.** St. Withold was a Saxon saint much esteemed in those parts. An abbey at Burton was dedicated to him.

5. **Trysting Oak,** one which frequently serves as a rendezvous or appointed meeting-place.

56. 1. **Indited,** penned.

2. **Tenor,** general meaning and purport.

3. **A man of religion,** a priest.

4. **Sylvan dress,** such garb as foresters wore.

57. 1. **Pious vocation,** priestly calling or profession.

58. 1. **For the nonce,** for this one occasion.

2. **Russet,** coarse cloth of russet (*i.e.,* reddish brown) colour. It here denotes the garb of a friar, or member of one of the mendicant religious orders (those vowed to poverty and to subsistence on alms).

58. 3. **Motley,** the characteristic garb of a jester, conspicuous by its very various and strongly contrasting colours.

4. **Ghostly,** spiritual; pertaining to the things of Heaven.

5. **Adversity,** grievous misfortune.

6. **Accessible,** able to be got at.

59. 1. **Saint Dennis,** apostle of the Gauls, first bishop of Paris (martyred towards the close of the third century), and patron saint of France. De Bracy was a Norman.

60. 1. **Crossbows.** These were weapons much used in the Middle Ages for the discharge of "quarrels" (square-headed bolts), stones, etc. A crossbow consisted of a bow set across a grooved stock; the bent bowstring was released by means of a trigger. The heavier kind of crossbow was much used in the attack and defence of fortified places.

2. **Pennon,** the long triangular flag, which was the sign of a knight bachelor, *i.e.,* one belonging to the lowest degree of knighthood. The **banner** would indicate a knight of higher rank.

3. **Gage,** wager.

61. 1. **Nerveless,** weak and powerless.

2. **Extreme solicitude,** very great anxiety.

62. 1. **Tolerable security,** a fair degree of safety.

64. 1. **Cannot endure,** cannot last much longer.

2. **Knight of the Fetterlock,** the Sable Knight, so called from the device on his shield. A fetterlock is a shackle for a horse's leg.

65. 1. **Blench,** shrink in fear. To "blench from the helm when the wind blows highest" is a figurative expression, meaning "to withdraw from leadership at the time of greatest danger."

2. **Barrier of the barbican,** a defence of palisades fronting an outwork of the castle.

67. 1. **Saint John of Acre.** The seaport

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of Acre received this name from the Knights of St. John (Knights Hospitallers), who held it from 1191 to 1291.

68. 1. **Horsemen . . . from York,** De Bracy's band of Free Companions, or mercenaries in Prince John's pay, who were then quartered at York.

2. **Sallyport,** a gate from which the garrison of a fortified place can issue upon besiegers.

69. 1. **Precarious,** risky and dangerous.

2. **Portentous,** extraordinary.

70. 1. **Redoubted,** famous.

2. **Parried,** warded off.

72. 1. **Satiated,** satisfied to the full.

2. ***Mêlée,*** a fight in which the combatants are mingled together in confusion.

3. **Avert,** turn aside.

73. 1. **Preceptory,** an establishment of the Order of Knights Templars.

2. **Templestowe** has been identified with Temple Newsam, about four miles east of Leeds. The Templars obtained the manor of Temple Newsam in 1181—thirteen years before the period of the tale.

3. **Grand Master,** the supreme head and ruler of the Order.

74. 1. **Gage,** that which is cast down as a challenge to an opponent.

2. **Lists,** the enclosure near the Preceptory, used by the knights as a place of military exercise.

75. 1. **Matin-song,** the first religious service of the day.

2. **Obsequies,** funeral rites.

76. 1. **Anjou,** an ancient province of north-western France, now mainly comprised in the department of Maine-et-Loire. Geoffrey Plantagenet, Count of Anjou, in 1128 married Matilda, daughter of Henry I. of England; their son was Henry II., first of the Angevin sovereigns of England.

78. 1. **Matilda,** daughter of Malcolm III., King of Scotland, married Henry I. in 1100; her daughter, also named Matilda, was Richard's grandmother.

2. **Edgar Atheling** (*i.e.,* the Prince), a grand-nephew of Edward the Confessor, had to take refuge at the court of Scotland after the Conquest. His sister Margaret married Malcolm III., King of Scotland.

78. 3. **Scion,** descendant. Athelstane claimed descent from Ethelred II., and, like his royal ancestor, was known as "the Unready."

4. **Rood,** crucifix.

79. 1. **Hereward** (of Rotherwood), father of Cedric, must not, of course, be confused with Hereward the Wake, the famous outlaw of the Fens.

2. **Short cloaks.** The distinctive Saxon garb was a short, close tunic and *long* mantle; the Norman under garment was a long, loose doublet, over which was worn a ridiculously short cloak.

80. 1. **Apparition,** appearance (especially a ghostly one).

2. **Weasand,** throat.

81. 1. **Flatlings,** with the flat side; not on the edge.

2. **Counter-buff,** a blow in return.

3. **Sacristan,** the official in charge of the sacred vessels, utensils, and vestments.

4. **Medicated,** drugged.

82. 1. **Provender,** food.

2. **Emaciated,** thinned and wasted.

3. **An,** if.

4. **Brother . . . cowl,** another monk. A cowl is a hood attached to a monk's gown.

84. 1. **Tilt-yard,** an enclosure permanently set apart for tilting ("lists" were properly a temporary enclosure), *i.e.,* riding on horseback, armed with a lance, against an antagonist or a mark of some sort.

85. 1. **Furniture,** harness.

2. ***Cap-à-pie,*** (old French) from head to foot.

3. **Barret-cap,** a small, flat cap.

4. **Neophytes,** persons newly admitted into an order, and of the humblest grade in it.

5. **Partisans,** long-handled cutting and thrusting weapons. The head was pointed, and there were various other sharp points and edges on either side.

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86. 1. **Unanimously,** all with one accord.

87. 1. **Purvey thee,** provide thyself with.
2. **Bravade,** (a form of "bravado") a boastful and swaggering show of bravery.

88. 1. **Unshriven,** not having made confession.
2. **Unabsolved,** not having received absolution, *i.e.*, the pardon of the penalty of sin, as pronounced by a priest to the truly penitent.

89. 1. **Silver-chased,** of ornamental silver-work.
2. **Commons,** common people; the masses of the people.

90. 1. **Wean . . . law,** convert from the Jewish faith to the Christian.
2. **Under way,** started from the anchorage.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT (born at Edinburgh, August 15th, 1771: created a baronet by George IV. in 1820: died at Abbotsford, September 21st, 1832) was the son of a Writer to the Signet (or member of the Scottish legal profession, corresponding to an English solicitor). He entered his father's office in 1786, and was called to the Scottish bar in 1792. His first publication was a verse-translation (1796) of the ballads of Gottfried Bürger, a German poet. His collection of old Border ballads resulted in the issue of *Border Minstrelsy* (1802–3). The first of his long poems, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, appeared in 1805. In the same year he entered into partnership with James Ballantyne, an old schoolfellow at Kelso Grammar School, who established a printing business at Edinburgh. *Marmion* appeared in 1808, and *The Lady of the Lake* in 1810. Meantime, in 1808–9, Scott had contributed to the founding of the *Quarterly Review*. He purchased the Abbotsford estate on the bank of the Tweed, near to Melrose, in 1812. Another poem, *Rokeby*, appeared in the same year; and *The Lord of the Isles* in 1814.

The famous Waverley series of novels began in 1814 with the appearance of *Waverley, or 'Tis Sixty Years Since;* this was a tale of the Jacobite rising in 1745, and had been begun by Scott in 1805, but had long been laid aside. It was now resumed, completed in three weeks, and given to the world on the strong recommendation of Scott's friend, Archibald Constable, an eminent Edinburgh publisher. The Waverley novels were published anonymously, although it was pretty generally surmised that Scott was the author; he did not acknowledge the fact until 1827, on the occasion of a public dinner in Edinburgh.

The Waverley series includes *Guy Mannering* (1815), *The Antiquary* (1815), *Old Mortality* (1816), *Rob Roy* (1817), *The Heart of Midlothian* (1818), *The Bride of Lammermoor* (1819), *The Legend of Montrose* (1819), *Ivanhoe* (1820), *The Monastery* (1820), *The Abbot* (1820), *Kenilworth* (1821), *The Pirate* (1821), *The Fortunes of Nigel* (1822), *Peveril of the Peak* (1823), *Quentin Durward* (1823), *The Betrothed* (1825), *The Talisman* (1825), and *Woodstock* (1826).

In the year of the publication of *Woodstock* came the most momentous crisis in Scott's life—a calamitous financial crash, the failure of Archibald Constable the publisher, and of James Ballantyne the printer, involving Scott in a debt of £120,000. Thenceforward, until his death in 1832, he spent himself in well-nigh ceaseless labour in the production of works for the redeeming of his liabilities.

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